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MY SOLDIER LADY

ELLA H. DURLEY

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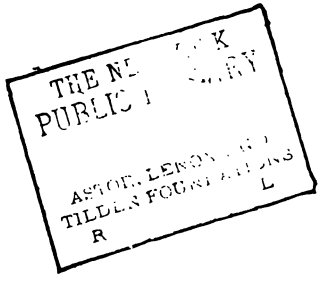
My Soldier Lady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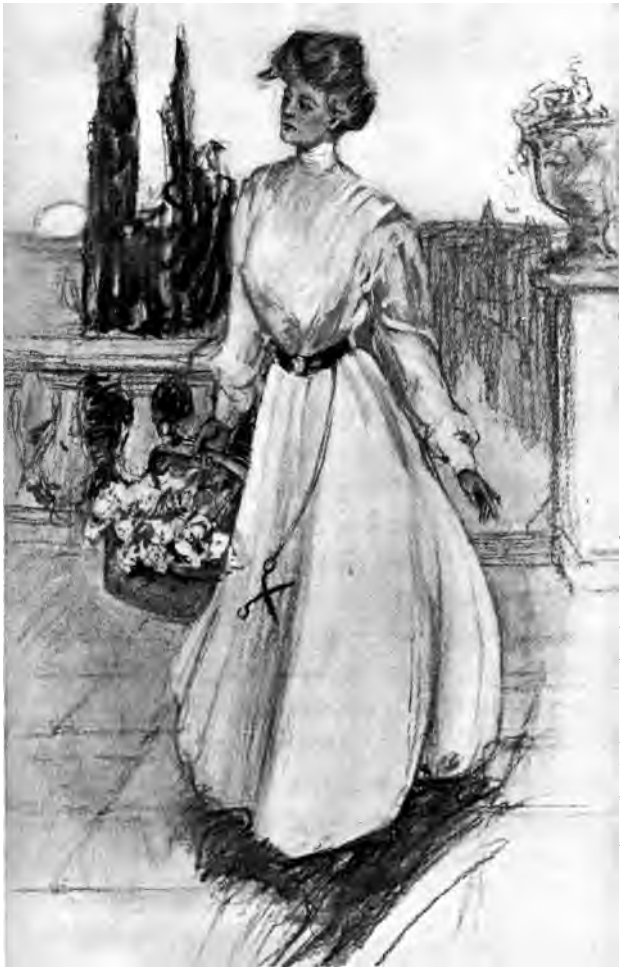

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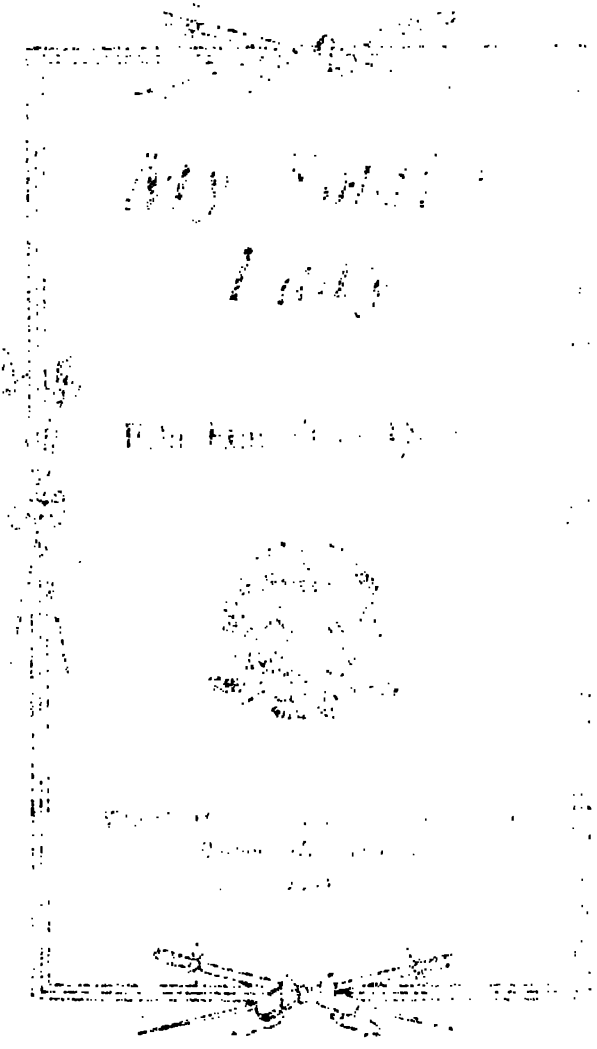

My Soldier Lady

BY

Ella Hamilton Durley

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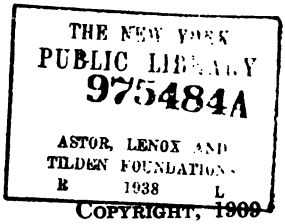
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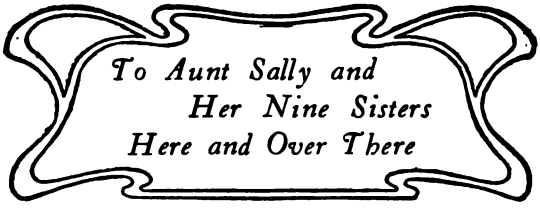

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The Beeches, August fourth,
Nineteen hundred and one.

My dearest Chum:

It's a thousand times easier to preach than to practice. Here am I, who talked myself into incipient bronchitis in my efforts to keep your courage at the sticking point; and now that the agony of separation has come and refuses to go, and every day finds my only chum farther and farther on her way to Japan, the fortitude I was pluming myself upon has taken its flight and I go about in a sort of waking stupor.

The worst of it is, everybody seems to blame it all on me and I am beginning to censure myself for sending you to that dreadful distance to battle alone with homesickness and all those heart-wring-

ing memories. The least I can do is to suffer in silence and do delightful penance by making my letters to you big, satisfying slices of Kentucky life—the life you are so sweetly giving up.

"We cain't never see her no more in dis world," moaned poor old Chloe, whom I found almost dissolved in tears on my return from the train. You will have some idea of the depth of her woe from her resorting to the triple negative. The double one usually serves every purpose, you know.

"Hit aint no dream an' hit aint no mebbe," she wailed; "dat deah chile she's done gone an' left us an' she'll just go an' marry some two-millionaire ober in dat heathen country"; and up went the apron again.

The first day was positively funereal, and I saw that something had to be done and done quickly to lift the household out of its gloom; so I called up Jack and asked

him if he was free to come if I could succeed in bringing a few friends to The Beeches for the week-end. I promised him there should be nothing more taxing than singing the old college songs, in which he is past-master, telling stories, and plenty of horseback riding, boating and tennis.

The dear fellow has never failed me and he didn't at this trying moment. What a happy faculty he has, and no one knows it better than you, of seeing to the very heart of things and acting accordingly. You begin to tell him something in which you are deeply interested and for which you wish to enlist his sympathy. You expect to have to labor with him as you do with others to win him to your side and, behold, like a flash, he sees and understands it all before you are half way through with your story. I tell you it's a joy to have such a friend! I think, too, he's gifted with something of a woman's

intuition; and that reminds me of a droll answer Uncle Caleb gave to Willie the other day.

Willie asked his father what intuition was. "Why," said Uncle Caleb, "that's the thing, child, that makes your mother sure that she is right, whether she is or not."

To the ordinary observer it would seem positively uncanny to arrange for a lark, even a make-believe one, when our poor wounded fledgling was leaving for four long years at the ends of the earth; but the case was desperate and Jack promised to come, and I wrote notes at once to Bess, and Frances, and Virginia. You know that, next to you, they were the ring-leaders in the fun that memorable summer at the beach, and if they do not prove gloom dispellers, I have missed my guess.

The sun was just peeping over the hills the next morning as I, with basket and shears, reached the terrace. The air was

deliciously pungent and refreshing with the early morning fragrance from the foliage and moist earth-mould.

I stood stock still for a few minutes just to give my wayward thoughts time to get into tune with the wondrous beauty of old Mother Earth. A robin in the lilac bushes poured out his liquid song in an appealing sort of way and was answered with a joyous note from his mate at some distance over in the maples. How delightful, I thought, the sense of companionship!

A saucy squirrel ran before my feet, then whisked up the old beech tree by the path and looked mockingly down at me. An instant later it was followed by another bushy-tail and the two flaunted their happiness before my eyes. Alas! *my* mate was beyond hailing sound.

But there is a sense of companionship in the flowers, and I never realized it more truly than at that moment. Each blos-

som seemed to speak to me in its own way. There were the great clumps of hollyhocks with the somber gray walls of the old ice-house for a background. They stand up like sentinels with such an air of stateliness, dignity and self-reliance that, in spite of the gorgeous colors they don, you recognize them as representing the substantial and genuine aristocracy of the floral world.

At their feet is massed the blue of the monk's-hood, and here again are sincerity and loyalty—true blue.

On the slope across the path the marigolds are now a blaze of glory. Rather showy and pretentious, to be sure, yet they serve their purpose. They are decorative and that is about as much as can be said of some people.

My basket was soon full and on my way to the house I made a little detour past the servants' quarters to ask Chloe, whom I saw pottering about her tiny

cottage, how her "ole man's rheumatics" were. She's a garrulous old soul, you know, and likes nothing so much as to talk about the various diseases to which flesh is heir.

"O, honey, he's enjoyin' very bad health. He has such a turrible misery in de small o' his back, an' you knows he's a-gettin' mighty ole, Missy."

"How old is Uncle Ben?" I asked.

"Why, lawsy, chile, you knows as well as I; he's ha'r is as white as cotton, an' he's bent near about double, an' he walks wid two canes, an' I tells him he mus' be near onto twenty-five; but he won't 'mit it," she said with a chuckle.

August tenth.

My dear Crusader:

Here are three cheers and a tiger for the bravest, truest, most heroic soldier lady

that ever sallied forth to vanquish enemy and win certain victory. This one has youth and strength and high ideals; and, though she sometimes wavers in the belief in her own powers, which is essential to successful warfare, yet in her moments of sober reflection she must realize that her resources are not of the ordinary sort, but the best that a kind Providence vouchsafes to His children here below—a stout heart, a mind in itself a kingdom, absolute loyalty to friends and that genuineness and sympathy characteristic of great souls.

And what if this crusader of mine has suffered humiliation and bitterness of spirit where she had the right to expect joy and blessedness? It matters not since she has emerged from the battle carrying her shield before her and with sunshine in her heart. Her life stretches far out into the future and she will find new meaning in it during those years which she has bravely set apart for work for others.

On Thursday morning, the day before our guests arrived, I had a long drive with Jack, who was making a professional call down on the Beaver road.

We were both amused at the work going forward on a farm, the dimensions of which hardly exceeded those of the smoke-house roof.

"What rent do you pay for this wretched little plot of stumpy land?" we called to Sambo, who was making much ado over his work.

"I pays fifty dollars' worth of terbacker for what lan' I kin work wid a critter an' a half; an' dis calf am de half critter," he shouted back to us.

The whole "critter" was a scrawny old mule with just the wisest, melancholiest look out of his eyes you ever saw.

Our dear boy was more communicative than usual. He said he was in honor bound not to write to you and it would be a breach of faith even to send messages

through me, so mum's the word! I will say, though, that he is loyal to the core and I shall pray for his final reward. Jacob's waiting seven years was child's play compared with what he has endured these seven years. And think of the cruelty of heaping four more on top of that mountain of love and patience!

My hands were full, Friday morning, seeing that everything was ship-shape, for Frances and Virginia were expected at four, and Bess had written that she and her friend, Miss Charlotte Lingle from Cincinnati, would arrive on the six o'clock boat. The gentlemen of the party consisted of our old friends, Bobby Hartley and Edward Martin, Max Krieger and a young physician, who is thinking of locating here. You know them all except Miss Lingle, the young doctor and Mr. Krieger.

You should have seen the pantry shelves laden with the good things mammy had made ready. You would have sup-

posed she was preparing to feed a regiment and that the provisions were likely to be exhausted within a day or two, so she would get plenty while she was a-getting.

All our people were safely here in time for a seven o'clock dinner and if I do say it, it was a beautiful affair and by the time it was finished everybody was feeling at home.

Bess and Frances are just the same dear girls as of old. You know we have not seen so much of Virginia of late; and now that she has added to her natural graces the culture which four years at Wellesley and a year of foreign travel give, she is positively stunning, and when Miss King enters the room, I assure you the men all sit up and take notice.

Miss Lingle is clever and fascinating and you will be interested in knowing that she conducts a free kindergarten at the Roadside Settlement in Cincinnati, having taken up this work from choice, soon

after her graduation from Smith.

Mr. Krieger is a German. He was educated at Heidelberg, but, as he chose newspaper work as a profession, he thought best to come to this country, to find a broader field. While he speaks with an accent, his English is faultless.

What shall I say of the doctor? The fact is I haven't quite made up my mind whether I like him or not. He's a Yale man but has been doing post-graduate work at Berlin. One thing I do like about him is that, although he has a fortune, he goes in for a career. He is tall and athletic, but I would call his face strong rather than handsome. I am afraid he is shocked at our frivolity; for he seems to take life seriously.

August twenty-fifth.

I must tell you a little more about the

young physician I mentioned in my last letter.

From a word or two he let fall, I judge it was while he was abroad that he first became interested in the study of sociological questions. I'm afraid the frisky little microbe of reform has been getting in its work on him. You know how susceptible to its inroads these Northerners are. One day it's capital and labor, and the next, Heaven save the mark! they propose to settle the race problem for us, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now, do not think I'm hostile to this big, athletic disciple of Esculapius. Far from it; but, while he is studying us volatile Southerners and probably dissecting us in his scientific way, I have him impaled on the point of my needle and am quietly looking into his peculiarities; and I find the study mighty interesting, too.

Coming in from a walk, the doctor told

of having met old black Dan and stopping to talk with him. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for Dan. Scientific gentlemen with a turn for original research are not roaming our highways every day, and Dan dwelt at length on some of his supposed wrongs, ending each separate and distinct grievance with, "An' I tells you, that's the kind of equal-equality we has here in ole Kaintuck!"

After a good laugh over the doctor's encounter with poor old Dan, Cousin Nell told him something of Jack's hospital scheme for the benefit of incurable children; and it would have done you good to see how his fertile mind took hold of it. The best of it is, he regards the plan as being entirely feasible. The conversation drifted into a general discussion of philanthropic work; and, with more feeling than I had given him credit for possessing, our visitor repeated those fine lines from Lowell:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

I tell you, the big fellow went up in my opinion several notches, and I'm no reformer, or if I am, I do my work by proxy.

We all expected the doctor to fall in love, forthwith, with Miss Lingle, who, in addition to being attractive in her personality, is thoroughly imbued with what our club women here delight in calling the "altruistic spirit"; but Max Krieger simply appropriated the young woman from the first and evidently had no intention of giving any one else a show. On our jaunts, the doctor has usually had to put up with your poor old chum, though

I have tried my best to be generous and pass him around.

It seems that Miss Lingle's family are opposed to her occupying her time with free kindergartens and the like. They want her to stay at home and play the rôle of the conventional young society girl.

"Lottie will be having her hair cut one o' these days," said her big brother.

"No," said her father, "I shall draw the line there; for she is doing too many short-haired things already."

But she is thoroughly womanly and sweet, and we all fell under her charm at once.

The first evening we sat on the veranda and spun yarns till the wee small hours; so I have a regular budget of after-dinner stories for you, though I groan in spirit when I reflect that it will likely be many a long day before you will have the opportunity to shine as a dinner guest.

How will the story of a darkey funeral,

as told by Bobby Hartley, do for me to close with? The minister with due solemnity rose at the opening of the service and announced:

"We will now jine in singin' that beautiful an' com-fortin' hymn, 'Hark! from the Tombs a Doleful Soun',' which was a favoreyte with the remains."

August thirtieth.

Your letter from Honolulu reached me this morning and we've all been in a fever of pleasurable excitement ever since.

We laughed till we were almost hysterical over the story of the Dane; and Uncle Caleb proceeded to match it with what he says was an actual occurrence here. You know the extensive lumber yards of John H. Quint. A large number of men are employed there and one of these was approached by an evangelist in some

meetings recently held, who asked:

"Are you working for Christ, my brother?"

"No," was the reply; "I works for John H. Quint."

Now, chum of mine, I must tell you of a little adventure of my own; and if it doesn't convince you that I need a guardian, I miss my guess.

While I was shopping in one of the big downtown stores the other day, there came up a drenching rain. I was very much absorbed in my purchases, for I am getting ready for a visit to the beach and a possible run for a few days up to New York. I had not noticed the sudden shower until a lady came up to me and said, "Pardon me, madam, but that is my umbrella that you have in your hand."

I looked down and found, to my astonishment, that in some way I had got hold of the wrong umbrella. I, of course, gave it up with many apologies, none of which

she accepted, as the sequel will show.

I had scarcely left the woman when my attention was attracted by a display of umbrellas, evidently brought out for the occasion and marked down to suit the humble purse. Now, I thought, is my time. We never have enough umbrellas at The Beeches, there is little use in buying expensive ones for ordinary family purposes, since we lose them so easily, and the result of my reasoning was the hasty purchase of three.

As the rain continued, I decided to carry them home with me so they would be ready for immediate use. I came home by the trolley. Judge of my feelings when the lady of the umbrella reached across the aisle and, glancing at my umbrellas, said icily, "Permit me to congratulate you, madam, on your successful morning's work!"

My little party was voted a triumph and a dream, and I modestly admit that dull-

ness was not its chief characteristic. The only credit due me was that of bringing together the cleverest bunch of young people to be found south of Mason and Dixon's line (wherever that may be). The only trouble was that the parting of the ways came too quickly. You know grandmother used to tell us to be sure and stop eating while we still had a craving for more. Well, our good time had to draw to a close before we were half ready for it; and, in looking about for some way to prolong it, we hit upon the happy thought of a reunion at the seaside early in September. Aunt Ann will go along as chaperone.

Do not think, Missy, for a moment, that you have exhausted my fund of stories, if you have your own, in your efforts to entertain Deutschy.

I have a new supply, strictly fresh and warranted to make you laugh or your money refunded. These I am willing to

dole out to you from time to time, the only condition being that you use them with your usual discretion and good taste.

At the Beach, September fifteenth.

Dear Missionary Lady:

The thought that you are on the opposite side of the globe, bound fast to the service of the almond-eyed maiden of the Orient by cords that will not loosen for four years, weighs heavily upon me this morning.

The fact is, I am already wickedly jealous of those mellow-eyed Japanese maidens with their pretty, purring ways. How is that for a confession, and I a "perfessor," as Chloe would say?

I can just see those girls falling down and worshipping "De beau'ful Amelican lady." Who can blame them? And you will give them love for love. But I am not

quite despicable enough to wish it otherwise.

It seems too good to be true that our little crowd is all here together, that is, all except Jack, who could not, or thought he could not, leave the rector's little boy, Benny, though I am hoping that he will join us later, as he partly promised to do.

Aunt Ann is an ideal chaperone. I actually found her sound asleep in the hammock when we broke up our first evening's seance. We had a good laugh at her expense.

By the way, Max is a capital story teller, and while half of the pleasure of the story may lie in the telling, and the larger half when Max tells it, I believe I will risk passing on one second-hand to you. I will give it as nearly as possible in his own language, barring the accent, which adds decidedly to the flavor.

MAX KRIEGER'S STORY.

Some three or four years ago, my

mother and I went to Berlin for a few weeks' sight seeing. We settled ourselves comfortably at a Pension in the Lutzow Strasse and spent our days visiting the numerous places of interest, which that splendid city affords, while the evenings generally found us at either the theater or the concert-hall.

Soon after our arrival, one of the large and fashionable hotels of the city went into bankruptcy. That would have attracted little attention outside the business world had not one of the creditors proved to be a butcher, who put in a claim of a thousand dollars for horse-meat furnished the hotel.

It all came out in the newspapers, in spite of the fact that the journals of conservative old Berlin did not play up the "story" as we should do in this country, probably accompanying the recital with a picture of "Old Dobbin" or "Nancy Hanks," thus showing the very animals

that had furnished the juiciest and most toothsome steaks. It proved a great sensation and all Berlin laughed over it for ten days.

It was disclosed that the city had no fewer than forty-eight shops where horse-meat was sold and that Dresden had fifteen.

That particular hotel had been patronized extensively by the nobility and it stirred their blue blood, to know that they had been served horseflesh for days at a time when they thought they had been eating good, savory beef. The worst of it was that the horse-meat cost only half as much as beef.

The landlord was made so uncomfortable by the publicity of the whole thing, that he came out with a statement to the effect that the horse-meat had been used solely for the dogs of his patrons. It was the joke of the city.

Our landlady had a good deal to say

about the matter, and talked freely about how clean the horse was, compared with swine or even cows.

One day my curiosity got the better of me; so, after consulting my mother, I asked our *haus-frau* to get a pound of the best horseflesh and serve it at luncheon. We planned a hard forenoon's work in the museum, in order that we might return with the best of appetites.

The luncheon was served in our private apartments. First, there was brought in a tempting bowl of soup. Mother looked askance at it, since small pieces of meat were visible in it, and insisted that I should try it first, but I assured her that politeness would never permit me to do so. Finally, she tested it in a gingerly manner but grew deathly sick, and excusing herself, hastily left the room. Seeing her pallor proved too much for me; and, stepping to the big, tiled stove, I opened the door and emptied both dishes in it.

Presently mother returned, followed by the *haus-frau*. The latter expressed herself as more than pleased that we had eaten the soup with evident relish, adding that she had also prepared a regular steak as a second course. This she brought in. The steak, a fine thick one, and done to perfection, served with delicious brown potatoes and gravy, made a luncheon fit for a Vanderbilt. Our appetites came back again, as we discoursed on the superiority of the beefsteak over all other meats.

When the good *haus-frau* made her appearance ready to clear up the table I took occasion to thank her for her thoughtfulness in holding in reserve a beefsteak, which she had prepared with so much skill and served so beautifully.

She looked puzzled a moment, then said: "Why, you didn't think that was beefsteak, did you? The soup was made from beef, but the steak was horse-meat."

At the Beach,
September twenty-second.

All the world loves a lover and that may account for the flutter of wings in our small dove-cote over Max's ardent wooing of Lottie Lingle. The object of his adoration is the only one that seems unconscious of it all, but I cannot think she is indifferent.

There is a whisper from Cincinnati to the effect that her people, who pride themselves on being real thoroughbreds and rank among the exclusive of exclusives, would never consent to their only daughter wedding a mere newspaper man, however brilliant his worldly prospects; but Lottie has a mind of her own, as is shown by her firmness in sticking to the free kindergarten idea; and if she finds that she cares for the stalwart German, there will be something doing up the Ohio.

Bobby was twitting Max about his matrimonial prospects when he wittily

retorted: "O, that will have to be decided by Lot."

Miss Lingle's kindergarten work has brought her into touch with real life, and her fund of anecdotes about children is inexhaustible. Last evening she entertained us for an hour with her clever stories. Some of the best of these were about her two brothers.

Her little brother Jim had long wanted a dog, but her mother has an idea that there is constant danger from rabies. Funny, isn't it? Jim couldn't give up the dog, though, and so resorted to prayer, in which he had full faith. At any time of day, he was likely to drop on his knees and send up a petition for a dog.

One day her brother Curtis, who is a little larger, coming into the house, stumbled over Jim, who was on his knees, praying fervently.

Curtis, in a fit of indignation called out, "Mother, do come and make Jim quit

pestering God about that dog!"

The boys seem to have more than the usual devotional streak. One day when playing together, it was proposed by Curtis that they should play that one of them was the Supreme Being. That struck them as particularly fitting, and the idea was hailed with delight, but they soon got into a lively altercation as to which one should assume that character. After a spirited dispute, Jim gave up and said with crushing superiority, "All right, you may be God, and I'll be Otto Lyon," naming the popular proprietor of the leading down-town toy store.

A little five-year-old girl, who was in one of Miss Lingle's kindergartens, was naughty one day, and was mildly reproved by her teacher. When she went home, she told her mother about it, and the latter said:

"Why, Helen, I should think that you would have felt pretty cheap."

"Well," blubbered little Helen, "I didn't feel very expensive."

Another of Miss Lingle's anecdotes was about a family in which the father was not at all religious. One day they were visited by a clergyman, who was asked to say grace at dinner.

The eyes of the little boy at the table grew bigger and bigger as the minister proceeded, and his mother knew that something would be forthcoming, yet was powerless to head it off.

No sooner was the grace concluded than little David piped up:

"Papa, why don't you learn that piece, and speak it, too?"

Since I began this letter, sitting out under a spreading oak, the doctor came out to me with a handful of letters and I fairly shouted with joy when I discovered that one was from Japan. O, honey, I can never tell you how rejoiced I was to get that letter, and how strange it all

The doctor came out to me with a handful of letters

seemed, that it should reach me at the cottage by the sea, where we once had such jolly times together.

Jack did not arrive until we were almost ready to turn our faces homeward, but his coming was the signal for a jollification.

Alohaoe, chum of mine, Alohaoe!

The Seaside,
September twenty-fifth.

Your letter with its budget of news about your arrival followed closely on the heels of your message from the sea. Two letters within three days, and never were letters more gratefully received, or more greedily devoured. In this case, you must understand, gratitude may be defined as "a lively sense of favors to come."

So you're actually right down below me in Japan! It makes me dizzy to think of

your standing with your feet pointed up towards me, and that golden head of yours reaching out into space in the opposite direction. How do you manage to maintain your equilibrium? These laws of gravitation are beyond my comprehension.

Now that you are over there, or down there, everything Japanese is of absorbing interest to me; and when we learned that the Japanese consul and his family from a neighboring city occupied a cottage not a block away, Virginia King and I dutifully went and called on the little dark-haired Japanese lady, who dresses in the most picturesque fashion imaginable.

Mr. Katasi, the consul, was at home also, and if we had been foreign potentates, becrowned and bejeweled, we could not have been received with more deference. I hastened to explain, for I do not like to sail under false colors, that my only claim to distinction was that my con-

secrated cousin had recently betaken herself to the land of the cherry blossom, or, as some one has called it, the land of the two g's—the garden and the *geisha*. This evidently made a deep impression and they at once extended an invitation to us and all our party to dine with them on the following evening.

Before we made our adieus, Mrs. Katasi left the room and soon returned with some beautiful Japanese articles which she begged us to accept. To Virginia she gave an elbow cushion made by herself,—a curious little affair, but much in vogue in her own country, she explained. It is made of soft, crepe-like Japanese cloth of various hues, cut so that the cushion is round, the pieces converging to a central point, and fastened by small tassels of silk thread. They can be carried by the tassels and, she says, are much used by the ladies when reclining. We intend to make a number of these so

you can imagine us with our elbows buried in rainbow-hued cushions.

Her gift to me was a delicate piece of silk embroidery. We were quite overcome by the unexpected kindness.

Mr. Katasi talked to me, on the side, very entertainingly about his wife, who is a Buddhist, while he professes Christianity. He spoke of her religion with the utmost respect. He says he lets her have her own belief on these matters but trusts that the time will come when, as she becomes more of an American, she will also become a believer in Christianity. At present the worship of her ancestors is an important part of her religious life. When they have something extraordinarily good for dinner she solemnly carries a plateful of dainties up to her room for the delectation of her forebears. Just how the ghostly visitors receive it and what disposition is made of the remnants was not explained to us.

We have not succeeded in leading the simple life up here, as we had hoped to do. The dinner given us by the Japanese consul was the first of the festivities. It was followed by our entertaining the Katasis and a few friends at dinner and then others followed suit, so that we are somewhat in the position of the Western governor during the Columbian Exposition.

There were banquets and dinners without number, the story goes, and usually after-dinner speeches were indulged in by way of spice. On one of these occasions the Governor's wife was called upon for a few words. She rose and said that they had been having the time of their lives and that really the Governor had hardly had his knife out of his mouth since they left home!

The doctor has now fully decided to come to Kentucky for the practice of his profession, and, just between you and me and the gate-post, I'm satisfied that it is

his interest in the hospital plans that brings him. It can hardly be otherwise; for he has seen so much of the world and is altogether so cosmopolitan in his ideas that our little neck o' woods, however pleasing to us who have lived there always, could hardly attract him of itself. Since he does choose to become one of us, we are mighty glad of it.

The Beeches,
October fifteenth.

Dearest Chum:

The jaunt to New York, which seemed altogether alluring from The Beeches, did not appeal to me in anything like the same way at the cottage. Why should I exchange the comfortable days at the beach with wholesome out-door sports and congenial company thrown in, for a round of wearisome shopping even if the latter did

mean pretty clothes, a greater familiarity with Dame Fashion's mandates and a closer touch with this bustling old world?

I had begun to look about for some plausible excuse for a change of plans when Aunt Ann, all unconsciously, came to the rescue with an emphatic protest against going up to the city at all. The noise and the rush were more than her nerves could endure, she declared; and I well know that the dear woman is in a state of semi-collapse from the moment of landing at Jersey City Ferry till her return to that point. I yielded to her wishes, all the more willingly since Bess is to spend a few days in New York on her return trip and offered to make some purchases for me.

It is such a relief to know that you found pleasure in those first days before you went to work in that strange, picturesque country. I can just see you, all smiles, bobbing up and down in your quaint *jin-*

rikisha and, best of all, I can see you forgetting that you were ever an unhappy girl wife and that you are now a young widow with a perfect right to feel resigned.

Now, I must tell you something that will make you laugh to counteract that note of distress that I unwittingly sounded.

One of my friends and her husband spent some time last summer up at the Lake of Killarney in Ireland. One day they were sitting chatting with a Catholic priest when a rosy-cheeked young Irish girl came along. The good Father greeted her cordially.

"How do you do, Bridget?" he asked, shaking her hand, "Where do you live now?"

"O, Father," she answered, "I don't live at all, at all, I'm married."

And that reminds me of another Irish bull, that Max tells about. It was when he was a young reporter and went to write up the death of a prominent Irish citizen.

"His last words were to me," said the sister of the dead man sadly; "he said, 'The dearest friends must part.'"

"No," said a relative who sat near, "his last words were to me."

"And what were they?" asked Max.

"Why, he just lay there so, and niver utthered a syllable!"

November thirtieth.

It seems hardly possible that Thanksgiving has come and gone! My heart was away down in my boots when the day dawned, but I took a brace when I thought of the dear young person whose courage is already the boast of the missionary journals and who by reason of her stout heart is putting us all to shame. By the way, why didn't you tell us about saving that woman's life on the river bank the day you disembarked? It was in all the papers here.

You know, it really and truly is our first Thanksgiving without you. Even in your dreariest days, when we all felt like throttling somebody who shall be nameless, you always stole away for an hour or two and met us at the old homestead.

Well, the clans gathered as usual at the big house on the old plantation, from Baby Elizabeth to Uncle Caleb; and when the dear child proposed that we should just pretend that "auntie wath here with uth," we fell right into the plan and gave you the seat of honor at grandmother's right. Little Elizabeth sat proudly at her left, to the delight of both. You should have seen her reaching over and hugging grandmother, exclaiming:

"O, dear, what would I do if my great-grandmother were living when my grandmother lovth me tho much?"

We all laughed slyly but didn't tell her she was at that very moment in the embrace of her great-grandmother!

A serious turn had been given to the conversation when Uncle Caleb asked each one to tell what he was most thankful for, but the gravity was dispelled when little John piped up with: "I am thankful for education and beds."

Some one remarked that the schools were getting in their fatal work on that youngster.

I had arranged the flowers on the table, placing a fragrant tea rose at each place.

It took Baby Elizabeth's sharp eyes but a moment to discover that grandmother and "somebody else" had each two roses and she demanded to know who had brought the second ones, which were choice American Beauties. The secret was not disclosed, though we all had our ideas.

After dinner we gathered around the glowing fireplace; for

"The frost is on the punkin',
And the fodder's in the shock."

And again

"It's o-ho! for a blaze
To brighten our days."

How many glorious hours we have spent before that old chimney-corner with its dark red tiles, its shining fire-dogs and its hospitable motto, "Our Hearthstone is Yours." Surely the wish was father to the thought when grandfather placed those words over the broad hearth; and many a stranger as well as friend has claimed it as his own. There was a call for somebody's latest letters, and though we had all read them till we knew every syllable, they were heard again with the greatest relish.

Your encounter on the boat with the handsome purser and dear old grandpa proved an inspiration to Cousin Nell, with the following result:

"There once was a haughty young purser
Who hailed from the county of Mercer,

And lest his affection
Should meet with rejection
He became a quite constant rehearser.

"He dreamed once that he was so lucky
As to win a fair girl from Kentucky,
But when he proposed,
It soon was disclosed,
He was not half so lucky as plucky.

"A rival appeared on the scene,
The sad eyes of the purser turned green;
Papa was quite hoary
But, wonderful story,
He captured the maiden serene."

I had my kodak with me and got some fairly good snap-shots of the familiar nooks and corners as well as of the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts"—but of this you will have an opportunity to judge if I ever get my kodak book finished.

I must not forget the Thanksgiving music! The doctor was with us and his

splendid tenor voice is a decided acquisition for our circle, though I like nothing in the way of singing quite so much as Jack's. A baritone for me always. At any rate we voted that nothing could surpass his "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," especially those deep lower notes of his!

Can it be that Christmas will be here by the time this reaches you? There's a lump in my throat at the thought!

With fondest Christmas greeting, dear girlie, good-bye!

January fifth,
Nineteen hundred and two.

Dearest:

Well, you are a trump, to be sure. A medal from the Emperor! How Jack will enjoy that. He's out of town for a few days, and has not heard the joke, but I

fancy I see him doubling up as he thinks of the importance his innocent little gift of a watch to a sixteen-year-old girl has assumed. A matter of international concern, I should say, when they mistake it for a decoration from His Majesty.

Your Christmas box was a revelation. Where did you find so many interesting things, and each adapted so perfectly to the one for whom it was intended?

Nothing could have pleased me more, than the exquisite lacquer box you sent me. I have always wanted one; and think of it with a lock and key, too; and how interesting the Japanese wind-bell! I hung it on the upper piazza and its gentle tinkle can be heard night and day.

Grandmother wishes me to tell you how much she liked the neckerchief. It is so sheer and pretty, and she looks like the queen more than ever when she gets it on, as she did at the Christmas dinner.

Jack was quite overcome with his gift,

and seemed happier than I have seen him for many a day. It was good of you to remember him.

The Christmas dinner was at The Beeches; and when I tell you that our old cook quite outdid herself, you will be surprised to know that thus far we have escaped any serious consequences in the way of indigestion.

As it was your first Christmas away and we were naturally depressed, I decided to make an extra effort to pass away the time on Christmas Eve.

I'm sure you would never guess what came into my mind. I visited the county poor-farm where I happened to know that there were a lot of old, decrepit, and sorely afflicted negroes. Uncle Caleb had been telling me of their melancholy condition. They are now too feeble to be of use to anybody; and because of their very helplessness, I knew they would be forgotten amid the general merry-making.

The pity of it is, that they were once connected with the old, aristocratic families, and, in those days befo' the war, none were happier than they. Now they have only memories. It had been their part in the old days to do all the work of preparation for the Christmas festivities. You can imagine each one going about with a broad grin on his shining face, conscious of how indispensable he was to "ole marster and mistress."

But these old families are breaking up one by one, and when master and mistress go, the negroes are no longer able to keep up the struggle, and the poorhouse, with its gloom, is all that is left them.

No more plantation songs for them, no more rollicking cake-walks, no more big dinners, no more kind words from "de folks."

The doctor went out with me. We found things even worse than we had expected.

The poor old folks had been quite forgotten by outsiders, and apparently overlooked by the care-takers. You should have seen them brighten up when I proposed that they should all come to The Beeches on Christmas Eve to a kitchen party; a real old-time party, with plenty to eat and lots of fun. It was almost beyond their comprehension.

We sent out a big plantation wagon and gathered them in, the maimed and halt and blind.

I'll never say again that the negroes have lost their picturesqueness. Here was the real thing once more. It would take a readier pen than mine to describe the old blacks as they filed into the basement hall, limping, shaking, shuffling, dressed in the remnants of by-gone glory.

Old black Jim, who once was a gentleman's body servant, appeared in a faded buff satin vest and a buttonless swallow-tail coat, with one of the tails missing.

He wore an old stock of his dead master's, and his head was thrown back at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Aunt Jerushy, his wife—that is, his latest acquisition by matrimony—was gorgeous in a Dolly Varden polonaise. She wore a moth-eaten wig, which was surmounted by a bright red turban; and, towering above this, was one of the sky-scraper bonnets of the vintage of '60. It was loaded with flowers of every color. Every minute this wonderful headgear seemed in danger of toppling off, but it finally settled down on the left ear, whence it arose in trembling splendor like Pisa's leaning tower.

There had been a searching of garrets for old crinoline and not one of the old mammies appeared without a monstrous hoop of some sort, flirting and tilting the skirts in a way highly pleasing to the wearer.

Old Mammy Sue, that we used to see at

Colonel Fowler's, thought she could improve her complexion by powder. She begged enough money to buy three boxes and sent for white, pink and flesh-colored, which she carefully mixed and then used freely. You can imagine the ghastly effect.

The basement hall and kitchen were in full holiday dress. There were festoons of Southern moss, holly and mistletoe, Christmas wreaths, and a dazzling tree loaded with fruits and candies. The doctor and I had spent most of the day in fixing it up.

But the decorations hardly came in for a passing glance. It was the long table running through the center, brilliantly lighted with Christmas candles in the old brass candlesticks and groaning with good things, that took them off their feet.

There were platters piled high with turkey and cold ham, buns and crullers by the bushel, baskets of oranges, nuts

and shining red apples, quantities of striped peppermint candy and every other good thing, not forgetting a great bowl of steaming-hot lemonade with the fragrance of the mint about it—we thought best not to indulge them in the hot toddy of the old time—they were too far from home.

"Praise de Lawd," and "Glory in de highest," they shouted. "Now I's ready to die an' go to Glory"—and they embraced each other, rocking and swaying as if drunken. Truly it was a picture!

The doctor could compare the occasion to nothing, he said, but a feast in the medieval times in some old baronial castle, with the colored folk thrown in.

After the feast there was nothing to do but send for a fiddler and the hall rang to the old tunes. Then all the "miseries" were forgotten and a regular hoe-down was indulged in, whirling and patting and dancing to the almost forgotten plantation melodies—swinging partners, laughing to

the point of giddiness, hugging each other, shouting, chanting as they beat time, finally throwing themselves down from sheer exhaustion, but laughing, always laughing.

It was in the wee sma' hours that the plantation wagon was drawn up and packed with tired old darkeys.

January sixteenth.

You are going just a little too far, my missionary lady, in testing my credulity!

There's no trouble whatever in following you as you whistle darkey tunes and give hopping lessons with uplifted skirts; or even in taking down your amber locks to show the natives that we on this side know a thing or two when it comes to laying on colors; but I grieve to say that imagination ceases to do its work when you write about leading the devotions in chapel!

I'm like the little girl who, when asked why she had two ears and one mouth, said that it was so that what she heard might go in at one ear and out at the other!

Confess, now, that it's a bit of fiction you were giving me. At least, I should like to know why it is necessary for you to do all those things so long as we are supporting regular missionaries in Japan. Are they off on a vacation or down with nervous prostration?

Now, I have a confession to make. We on this side think we understand you fully as well as you understand yourself, possibly a trifle better.

We should be more stupid than we are if we did not see behind that assumed flippancy of yours that you want to extend those free kindergartens just a little more than anything else. That is why we have been getting ready to send you a little sum of money for that express purpose.

In some way it crept out that we were

doing this, and behold the Daughters of the King heard of it. Walls still have ears over here. It was the Stewart Circle, to which you belonged; and before we were any the wiser they had laid the most novel plan for increasing the fund.

One of the girls had heard how, in a hamlet in Pennsylvania, the people, who had very little money, set about to build a chapel. They did it by raising a mile of pennies! Wasn't that a unique thing?

Now our King's Daughters are Sunday-school workers and they organized a brigade of children, pinning on the little frock or jacket of each child a button with this inscription: "This thing can be done." Then they started the little folks out to get a mile of pennies. The children entered into the spirit of the thing as children only can.

It soon became clear that there were not pennies enough in town to supply the demand. The banks sent for renewed

supplies. In fact, the grown-ups became as excited as the babies. Each child carried a small canvas bag on which were the words, "A mile of pennies." When a certain number was secured the child would report at headquarters.

To add to the interest one day was set apart for a parade. There were banners and flags and mottoes and row upon row of smiling children.

Enthusiasm ran high and before the day closed the blowing of the whistles proclaimed that a mile of pennies had been secured, and this meant the handsome sum of $844.80.

That is the way we do things in old Kentucky!

We gladly added the children's money to our own, so that you will be able to start a dozen kindergartens if you wish. Find checks enclosed. All of which is respectfully submitted.

February tenth.

Cousin Nell has been giving some time to clubs this winter. She has joined our Browning Circle and her family has been twitting her about entering the ranks of the "new woman." *Now* they are able to laugh at her, sure enough! It is all because of Baby Elizabeth's precociousness. That child is an "intellectual progeny," as Peter would say.

The other day the child heaved a sigh and said:

"Mamma, Baby thinkth there ought to be two mammath all the time."

"Why, my child?" said her mother.

"Becauth the one could go to clubth and the other thtay at home with her little girl."

"Well, whom would you like to have for your other mother? Cousin Jane?"

"No, I think Couthin Jane would go to clubth, too, I gueth I'd take grandmother."

The other day we heard the children

play that little John was a doctor while Elizabeth's doll had the diphtheria. It was a bad case. She petted and coddled the dolly in comical imitation of her mother, then turned anxiously to the doctor, who entered very briskly, setting down his medicine case with a thump as he turned to examine dolly.

"O, can you help my baby, doctor?" said Elizabeth. "She hath the diphtheria," making a brave stagger over the long word.

"O, yes, certainly," said the doctor, "I can put up a big yellow card on the house."

We smiled rather sadly as we thought that was about as much, after all, as many of the physicians can do.

Today Cousin Nell telephoned me Baby Elizabeth's latest.

She had tucked her into her little bed, telling her she must not be afraid, as God was everywhere. He was there in the room with her and caring for her every

minute. Then she kissed her and went down stairs, where for the next half hour they had a lively time in the sitting room. Presently they heard Elizabeth calling:

"Mamma, mamma, come up here and thtay with God and let me come down to the thitting room a while."

A long letter from Lottie Lingle—and what do you think? She announces her engagement to Max! I have been tremendously excited over it for you know they first met at The Beeches and the affair has been so romantic throughout. I really think the attraction was mutual from the first, though Lottie is not one of the sort to carry her heart on her sleeve.

Max's wooing was ardent. *He* was not the least bit discouraged, not he, when he found such pronounced opposition in her family that he had to discontinue his visits.

They met regularly at the Settlement House and his associates began to joke

him about starting a Toynbee Hall in that locality. Lottie writes that her father withdrew all opposition when he found that they were determined; and now everything is serene, and the wedding is set for June. She writes gayly,—

"Marry when June roses blow
Over land and sea you'll go."

Both Max and Lottie are fond of the country and they are to begin life together on a pretty five-acre tract on an interurban line, a piece of ground her father is giving them. They have all kinds of plans for making it a lovely home and their enthusiasm is so infectious that we have all caught it. I'll tell you more about it in my next. *Au revoir.*

February twentieth.

That postmark "Nagasaki," standing out in bold relief, backed by the hospital

stationery, proved almost too much for me. Fortunately, though, I'm not of the fainting sisterhood; and I soon read enough to discover that all was well with my particular heart's desire.

In my own mind I had set you down so good and hard at that blessed school that nothing short of an earthquake of the violent kind was supposed to be able to budge you.

Fortunately, somebody else was more merciful and sent you away for a change. There's not a doubt in my mind that you were chosen to go because it was plain that that splendid zeal of yours which sweeps everything before it was wearing you to a shadow.

Well, thank Heaven! you are still young and foolish like the rest of us. The first week of your vacation made that clear enough. There's hope for a foreign evangelist who still enjoys wearing evening dress and doing after-dinner stunts

in the way of songs.

I fully agree with Uncle Caleb, who says he believes he will have ten times more fun in Heaven than he has ever had on earth. He even goes so far as to say that he has no doubt that God enjoys a good, hearty laugh, now and then.

At our look of incredulity he said, "Why, don't you suppose He laughed when He made a monkey?" And, of course, we knew He couldn't very well have helped it.

We have begun to plan a box of clothes and things for you and I'm just afraid if the Nagasaki incident had not been reported with its dash of gaiety and color we should have been away off in your outfit. No, a neat black silk trimmed with fringe for best with a grey wool for second and a jersey or two thrown in will hardly do my lady with admiring naval officers at her feet!

White is being worn more than ever

this season and, if I have anything to say in the premises, there will be for one thing a white tailored suit with hat and plumes to match!

I am longing to know what use you are able to make of the mile of pennies.

March eleventh.

My poor Chum:

Who would ever have dreamed that I could let three weeks slip by without writing to you? I shall have one of those nice little mottoes, "Do it now," framed at once, and hung up above my desk, so that it shall not happen again.

The way of it is that I have been giving a good deal of time to that little plan for Max and Lottie, hinted about in my last.

Did you ever hear of a Friendship Garden? The idea did not originate with me,

but there are a few deserving things that did not. I first heard of it last summer up in Massachusetts, where it had been carried out beautifully in the case of a young couple who tired of city life and went to the country.

Their friends conceived the idea of contributing to their little garden patch in such a way that it would be a perpetual memory box. Each was to give some growing thing, a favorite shrub, tree or flowering plant, or, perhaps, a package of rare seeds.

It proved a joy to the family, even in the first year; and you can imagine how the delight will increase as the years go by. The friends, too, got a lot of pleasure out of it when visiting them, and never grew tired of browsing around in favorite walks, looking up this or that particular plant and its history, for there's some romantic association or story or bit of sentiment attached to every blessed thing, from the

bed of mint to the proud magnolia.

Well, by this time you've guessed that it's a Friendship Garden we're planning for Max and Lottie. Yes, and we want you to send along something, possibly a half-dozen of your flowering cherry trees, that dazzle the eyes with their splendor, though I am told that if the government did its duty, it would issue a fraud order against them as they never fulfill their promises of fruit.

We spent most of our long, lazy mornings at the beach in reading your letters and talking about you; and Max declares he would know you if he were to meet you on the planet Mars, or any other old place, while Lottie says she feels as if she had loved you always.

So, send along your cherry trees, or if there's a law forbidding such proceeding, smuggle over some choice "chrystyanthems," as old Chloe calls them.

We beguiled Max into giving us a list

of his university friends at Heidelberg, "Alt Heidelberg, du Feine" and there is to be an ivy from the ruins of the old castle, sent by a former classmate. His brother Fritz is to ship, in a few days, a little of everything the family garden contains. There are roses and honeysuckles, and mignonette, besides corn-flowers, the original stalk of which was given his grandfather many years ago by Emperor William the First. You know the corn-flower was the old Emperor's favorite blossom; and to this day it is worn by all loyal Germans on holidays and national fete days.

All the old crowd are bestirring themselves; and as we want to have the garden a harmonious whole, it requires no end of letter writing on my part, as I am in charge, in a way.

So far as possible, we want each one to give a favorite flower. Bess is to be represented by a bed of pansies, and she is

determined that it shall be the best ever, and is looking the country over for fine specimens.

Virginia is having a hedge of purple lilacs put in similar to that at the old Longfellow home at Cambridge.

Frances's old fondness for the Jacqueminot rose is cropping out, and it's that or nothing with her.

Jack says that, with an eye to future business, he will choose the apple blossom; and he engages a reserved seat with an electric fan attachment under the biggest and fullest tree when the fruit begins to fall.

We are expecting something out of the usual order from the doctor. He has an intimate friend in the Department of Agriculture at Washington who writes him that he has but to choose and he will see that he gets it; but we haven't the faintest idea yet just what he has chosen.

We already have a landscape gardener

at work, and the next two months will be full of business.

By the way, Lottie wants us to name the place! Please send on some suggestions.

May tenth.

That outburst of enthusiasm over the proposed new kindergartens, and your saucy declaration that you wouldn't come home now if you could, lifted a weight from my heart. It came nearer convincing me than anything else has that it was right for you to go.

How glorious it was that we could join hands across the Pacific and boost those kindergartens! That's just as near as I shall ever come to doing anything heroic, and I intend to make the most of it.

But my greatest pleasure, after all, was in seeing the good it did Jack. Jack is a

trump! Send that money over without letting him know anything about it? Why, we had our hands full not to send him along as a special messenger!

You will be interested to know that we've been having a kind of musical festival at The Beeches the past few days. The doctor was given a surprise last week by the unexpected arrival of his uncle, who was passing through on his way from the South. It was something of a question where the doctor could entertain him just as he wished to, and we urged that they should both come out here.

The uncle is uncommonly fine looking, probably nearly fifty. He is a successful business man although his fondness for music in his youth led to his taking a thorough musical education, the piano being his specialty. He has had the distinction in his day of being a pupil of Liszt and also, for a short time, of Clara Schumann, and though he didn't make music

his profession he has kept it up so that he is still a performer of much more than ordinary skill.

Every evening found us in the music room with our guest at the piano and me singing all the old songs, of which he is very fond.

We shouldn't have known when to stop, but father said it must be promptly at ten o'clock as he didn't allow even the mosquitoes to sing after that hour. Now, what do you think of that?

The uncle talked entertainingly of Liszt. He has stories enough about the great master to make a book. One little experience we thought especially interesting, as showing Liszt's passionate nature.

A favorite pupil was to leave the city and Liszt said he would see her to the train. That was the signal for all the rest of his pupils to go and there were about thirty in the party.

The train was late and, as the day was

hot, seats were carried out from the waiting room and placed on the broad platform which surrounded the station.

Presently a bustling, important-looking official appeared upon the scene. He ordered the seats taken back—*augenblicklich.*

Liszt sprang up. "Do you know whom you are addressing?" he asked hotly. "I am Franz Liszt."

"I don't care. If you were the Lord Almighty," was the irreverent reply, "you would have to take those seats back."

The day was spoiled for Liszt. He returned in a gloomy frame of mind and there were no more lessons that day.

The next morning our friend was surprised to receive an elegant note of invitation, to the effect that the grand duke of Weimar and Franz Liszt desired his presence that afternoon at three at the railway station.

Five hundred of these invitations had

been sent out to the prominent people of Weimar. Of course, all dressed in their best and went to the station. There they found the entire platform under an awning, while handsome rugs covered the floor. In one corner was a raised dais upon which was a concert grand piano. Liszt gave a recital and demonstrated his power even over the surly railway official.

We were all glad to learn something more than we had known about Clara Schumann. It was away back in '81, when she was sixty-three years of age, that the doctor's uncle studied with her. He says she was then disabled at times from rheumatism, and yet there was no doubt whatever that she improved in her technique after she was sixty.

Clara Wieck's love story was told by our guest with much zest. She was, he says, generally acknowledged to be the greatest woman pianist in the world when

she was twenty-one years of age.

She was her father's favorite pupil and no queen was treated with more consideration than this young girl.

Robert Schumann was also a pupil of Wieck but he was poor and unknown. Nevertheless his poverty did not prevent his falling madly in love with the beautiful Clara, who returned his affection.

Herr Wieck was horrified when one day young Schumann asked him for the hand of his daughter,—the gifted daughter who was his idol. He told him to go and never return.

Then the young man made one more appeal to the daughter, this time in music. It was entitled "Warum?"—"Why?" He sent it to Fraulein Wieck. She was deeply impressed with it and showed it to her father. He recognized the hand of genius in the composition and gave his consent to the marriage, and Clara Wieck lived to see the day that she was prouder

of being Schumann's wife than of being Wieck's daughter.

June fifteenth.

Dear old Chum:

I am deeply interested in everything concerning those queer little people of Japan, especially in their gracious manners and pretty, complimentary remarks.

We shall have to begin practicing pretty speeches long before your return in order to do full justice to your honorable eyes and ears, and your adorable mouth.

Of this you may be sure, chum of mine; if we ever fail in minor details, such as the polite expression or the suave bow or smile, we shall not do so from lack of heartfelt affection. That you have had from all of us, all through what you are pleased to call your checkered career, and that you will continue to have, always and always.

We laughed heartily the other day over an anecdote told by the doctor illustrative of German politeness.

It was in Dresden that an American was passing along the street looking for the Thomas Kirche. Not knowing its whereabouts, he stopped a Dresdener and asked him.

The latter regretted exceedingly that he was unable to give him the required address.

The stranger thanked him and proceeded. After he had gone several blocks the Dresdener came running up after him all out of breath.

"You asked me," he said, "where you would find the Thomas Kirche. I was extremely sorry that I could not tell you. Since then I have met my brother and asked him and it vexes me beyond measure to have to tell you that he does not know the required address, either."

You will be glad to know that the

"Friendship Garden" is coming on finely. Even old Chloe begs to be allowed to have a bed of scarlet poppies in it. Their dazzling splendor appeals strongly to her love of color.

"I'm jes' sorry, honey," she deplores, "thet I cain't w'ar 'em; dey's mighty purty, but dey jes' throws my complexion into de shade."

Baby Elizabeth has, after much baby deliberation, picked on bluebells as her flower, some one having told her that her eyes are just that shade.

June twentieth.

What do I think of Vladivostok? Why, barring the spelling and the pronunciation, I think it's fine; and neither of these objections will stand in the way of your going there for the summer. But if there's war in the air, as there seems to be, you cannot maintain a too strictly neutral

attitude, for you know that the Russian government has an uncomfortable way of sending people to that famous resort, the remote plains of Siberia, and also of keeping tab on the sayings and doings of everybody in the world, with respect to Russia. I understand the coasting and tobogganning are fine, and the sleighing tip-top and you would have plenty of good company; but rumor has it that they're short on desirable lodgings and that the meals are not all they might be and the service poor. So be on your guard against that trip, even if your expenses are paid.

The talk about war between the doughty little Japs and big, blustering Russia has reached us, too. At first people said that Russia would push the Island Kingdom clear off the map in short order, but as the cleverness of the Japs has become more apparent and the blundering propensities of the Russians

have come to light people are not so sure about it.

The general impression at the first seemed to be that America would side with Russia if it should come to the worst. That country was our friend 'way back in the days of the Civil War. But a preference for what our new President calls "the square deal" is a characteristic of the American people, and no amount of ancient history can offset the fact that Russia is reaching out to clutch that to which she has no just claim, and that's the reason our people are ready to line up with Japan.

We all hope that it will come to nothing so dreadful as war. If it does, you must make your way out of the country at once if you have to bring your kindergartens and naval retinue all with you.

It's peace, universal peace, we all hope for; and I suppose Japan has determined to have it if she has to fight for it.

June twenty-fifth.

And now our bewitching Lottie Lingle, who carried off honors at Smith and went in for a career as a bachelor maid, is to be known henceforth as plain Mrs. Max Krieger. Her doting husband would not hesitate to address her as queen of the universe, without even naming the post office, and he'd be dead sure it would reach her too.

It really looks as if we college girls are after all no surer of ourselves than some others. And what a slam on those gloomy old owls that are going about the country gathering statistics to prove that the woman collegiate is a cold, abnormal creature whose chief distinction is her aversion to everything masculine. What a transformation in the *ewig weibliche* those few years at college are supposed to effect!

And so you think, O brother of the statistics, that we prefer sitting in "maiden

meditation, fancy free?" How different your field of observation from mine!

No one, I'll venture, can ever accuse me of indifference on this score. I have always liked men, the good, clean, sensible variety—men like father and Uncle Caleb for instance; and I always shall like them, whether I ever find one I want to marry or not.

I wonder if every girl isn't just a little in the frame of mind our old friend Mattie Lockhart declared she was. You remember her, don't you, when she was a student at the Agricultural College? She was such a brilliant, dashing sort of a girl, quick as a flash in repartee and always up to the eyes in fun.

In her senior year Miss Lockhart went with a party of college friends to a nearby city to attend a woman suffrage lecture. A reception, in honor of the speaker, followed at one of the elegant homes of the city and the college crowd, of course,

attended and were duly presented.

Mattie's animated face and distinguished bearing attracted the attention of the speaker, who, raising her voice to a high pitch, said:

"Young woman, may I ask to what you, as a college student, are looking forward as an object in life?"

Mattie was equal to the emergency. Tossing her head, she replied with equal distinctness:

"I am at present engaged in looking about for a first-class husband, and everything will have to depend on how I succeed in that."

Maybe the college girls expect a little too much, as husbands of a high order are not supposed to grow on every bush. You remember the lines Bobby used to quote,—

"So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated

"I am at present engaged in looking about for a first-class husband."

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As 'pretty fair,' should cherish him
Forever and a day,
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect quite in every feature,
He has never been discovered, and he won't be,
So they say."

By the way, Uncle Caleb received a message of a somewhat startling nature from an old friend in Washington and as it bears on this very important subject of love and marriage, I must tell you.

This friend suffered a disappointment in her own marriage (I've always suspected that she and Uncle Caleb had an early affair of the heart). At any rate, she determined to bring up her only daughter, Elizabeth, in such a way that she should never know any man. In order to make sure about this she herself, with her little girl, became a member of a woman's colony. It is called "The

Woman's Commonwealth." In this colony, marriage is the unpardonable sin.

There the mother reared the daughter, and the latter at the age of twenty-nine had never made the acquaintance of a man, when, in some mysterious way, she was introduced to a young Pennsylvanian —a mere man,—and in a very short time married him.

The unhappy mother has written Uncle Caleb all about it. It gives her some comfort, poor thing, that five of the ten girls of the original colony have gone and done the same thing.

But this letter was not intended as a homily on matrimony, however interesting that may be to a maiden fair who has naval officers hovering near.

The wedding was a dream and we were all there. It was my third appearance as a maid of honor—Jack being best man—and I was reminded more than once that three is as many times as any girl is en-

titled to the distinction; that next time I must occupy first place. But I'm in no hurry.

After the ceremony and a wedding dinner, the bridal party went out to dedicate the new home.

I have told you about the "Friendship Garden" that has been occupying us in such a delightful way almost day and night for weeks. To make it a complete surprise, we were obliged to keep Max and Lottie from going out there for a couple of weeks at the last. They were under the impression that little was being done on the place except in the house; and when the beautiful garden came into view, and the whole wonderful plan revealed itself, and it dawned upon them that all this had been done by their friends, their surprise and pleasure were beyond expression.

The work had all been under the supervision of a landscape gardener, to whom everything had been sent, and so in a way

it was something of a surprise to each of us.

Not a soul except the supervisor and myself knew what the doctor had in store for us. Through his friend of the Department of Agriculture he was able to procure a large number of plants; and his contribution was a representation in miniature of the city of Jena, Germany, Max's birthplace, all done in living green.

It is the most unique piece of landscape gardening in a small way, I fancy, that this country has yet seen. Something of the kind was contemplated at the World's Columbian Exposition for one of the cities of Iowa, but for some reason it was not carried out. The most important public buildings, as the university, the city hall and the public museum, are all shown in this beautiful city of plants. We all had to take off our hats to the one who devised a thing so wonderful and so artistic.

Another surprise that brought much joy with it was the arrival of Max's favorite brother, Fritz, who dropped down as if from the skies, on the evening before the wedding!

Max and Lottie both declared that there should be no christening of the home until we should hear from you.

July fifteenth.

To know that you were ill, perhaps much worse than your associates cared to say, gave us grief enough, I assure you. The only crumb of comfort was Uncle Caleb's confident assurance that if you were not better you were very likely worse by the time the letter had reached us, in which case they would have cabled us.

In my cooler moments I'm not sure about Uncle Caleb's logic, but I do know that it is splendid to have some one around

who has wit enough to look a situation calmly in the face and figure out just what people on the other side of the globe are sure to do under given circumstances.

A week later came your feeble little scrawl and your pitiful wail that you were tired of being good and then I knew that it was all right.

Now you are in Russia, no doubt, and if you don't have a jolly good time and sing and dance and be frivolous generally and forget that you were ever the advance agent of Kingdom Come, I'll not forgive you.

Dinner had just been announced last evening when Uncle Caleb and his old crony, Dr. Stockham of the Agricultural College, drove up. They had been out all afternoon looking up certain horses that are booked for the coming races, and you may imagine the appetites they brought to Charity's chicken pie and sundry other good things were most gratifying

to that sable functionary. The unexpected guest is what fills her cup to the full.

After dinner we had some of the college songs of a generation ago; and when the doctor dropped in you would have vowed they were all boys together, and merry ones at that.

Dr. Stockham can tell a story to the queen's taste; and Uncle Caleb knows exactly how to draw him out, as he did when he got him to relate a conversation which they had heard between two farmers during their drive.

"Wal, neighbor, how about those pertaties of yours? Do you get as good satisfaction out o' them as I do out o' that new variety of mine?"

"Naw, I reckon not; naw, they're not as good a pertater as them o' yourn."

"How about the yield? I suppose they're mighty good perducers?"

"Not by no means, neighbor," said the

other, digging away all the time and throwing an occasional tuber over into a scanty pile.

"How do they keep? You can depend on them right smart for winter use, I reckon?"

"Wal, I should say not. Do you see that there pertaty? It's got dry rot a'ready. Naw, they're not much on the keep."

"Are they anything particular for eating?"

"La, sakes, neighbor, we never think of such a thing as teching these pertaters."

"O, you raise them for sale?"

"For sale? Now you're foolin'. I reckon they couldn't fetch much of a figger in the market."

"But why on earth do you go on a-raising of them?"

"O, I jus' raise 'em for seed, that's all. They're a mighty good pertater for seed."

The story finished, Uncle insisted on Dr. Stockham repeating a limerick writ-

ten in his salad days, on a challenge to produce a rhyme to Chicago. Here it is:

"A lazy boy lived in Chicago,
Too lazy to make the wood saw go;
He preferred a lickin'
To gettin' a stick in,
And so he let his poor ma go."

A letter now and then from Russia would be uncommonly acceptable.

July thirtieth.

My own Chum:

You and I might have lived here a thousand years and never gone to a darkey camp-meeting, but that's no reason you should fall over when I tell you that I have been there. I also survive to tell the tale, which is stranger yet.

Yes, I will have to plead guilty to going with the doctor, who pokes into all kind

of queer places in his study of primitive race conditions and tendencies. He is writing a book on "The Two Races in the South"; solemn and scientific to the last degree, I've no doubt, and we are almost as much carried away with what he calls "certain racial phenomena" as he is himself. I don't know but we are in the position of aiding, abetting and giving comfort to the enemy, for his conclusions may not be such as we Southerners like.

It's a Baptist congregation that gathers at the camp-ground, which is in a picturesque spot down on the lower Courtney Mill road, but the "cullud folks" come from miles around, walking or astride some ancient, slab-sided mule, or piled into a rickety old wagon. The main thing is that they "gets there and enjoys theirselves."

Such cheering mottoes as "Turn or burn," "This day may be yo' last," hang upon the trees.

The preacher was a big black fellow, who doubtless was led to his calling by his voice, a voice compared with which a fog-horn on an ocean steamer would sink into insignificance, or a modern steam calliope hide its head in shame.

His tongue was one of those patent adjustable ones which might easily be set a-going and its owner go off for an hour or two and come back and find it still wagging, but he stays right by and sees to keeping it oiled and running.

The opening prayer was in broken sentences, each of which called forth a deep groan from every one present.

Warming up, he threw back his woolly head, and, raising his voice to the highest pitch, called out in tones of command:

"O, Lawd, you have been dis way befo', come by dis yere camp tonight, s-t-i-r-r up yo' chillens. Come right by dis yere pulpit, so clost that I can tech ye.

"Ho, Daniel, in de lions' den! Ho,

Gabriel, come by dis yere camp-meeting! Somebody's dying. Somebody's going to de lower regions. Bring balm from Gilead. Come clean up to dis yere campground, right alongside dis yere pulpit.

"Some of we-uns is comin' here for de las' time. O, Lawd, we wants to stan' upon de golden flo'. We wants to dance upon de golden streets. We do want hit. Ho, from on high!"

Closing the prayer, he continued: "We will now proceed to take up de usual collection and we wants to take it in two pieces. We asks everybody to be prompt. We've got no time to lose. I give my dollah today. I give a dollah, I want you to understand,—would a give mo' if I could a foun' it.

" I saw some sisters give their halfs.

"What wewants is dollahs, half dollahs, and quatahs."

Then lowering his voice to be more impressive, he said:

"Now, bruddern an' sistern, I's gettin' plumb tired ob dis here strugglin' along on corn pone an' no sign ob possum or coon gravy or chicken or anything that makes a ministah's life worf livin'. Dis yere salary ob mine's liberal, I must 'mit dat. A hun'ed dollahs a yea' is big money —ef you gits it: but I's got to de point what I prefers three dollahs in de han' to fo'ty in de pockets ob dis highly 'spectable congregation. An' so I's just fitted up a patent double-back-action collectah fo' dis yere 'casion. It's 'ranged so dat a quatah or a dollah falls into it like feathahs on velvet. A nickel put into dat collectah will ring a bell, sure's you bo'n. An' I has to wa'n yo' dat an ole button or a slug or any sinful deception like dat, will fire a pistol. An' dat aint de wust ob it, bruddern and sistern. Nuffen at all put into dat box will jes' strike off er stick er dynamite and blow every las' niggah in dis yere pahsimonious congregation plumb

into de day of jedgment."

This spirited exhortation over, the "perfesser" who was furnishing the two-piece feature, that is, two songs, which multiplied into many times two, made a plea:

"Come right up, you sistah a-settin' an' a-groanin' over yander, an' put down yo' money. God expects it an' we expect it.

"You wants me to sing some mo' but hit'll cost you money if I does. I haven' got no cheap pieces. Give liberally, largely, readily. Take out God's money. He aint no tight wad. You may have to give it to the doctor tomorrow. Let me see a move on yo'."

One song that all seemed to enjoy especially had a refrain—"A wheel in de middle o' de wheel," each singer outlining the wheel as he chanted.

"O, Ezekiel saw de wheel o' time,
A wheel in de middle o' de wheel,

And every spoke was a human kind,
A wheel in de middle o' de wheel.
Old Satan he don't like me (Sing sisters!)
A wheel in de middle o' de wheel,
Sometimes death is a-rollin' down,
A wheel in de middle o' de wheel."

Then the sermon began,—"Separate yo'self from sin; separate yo'self from dat rusty ole beer pail. Say amen, say amen, brederen. Yo' say yo' pore ole stomach needs bitters. The doctor says so, too, but I don't see nary root nor bark in it.

"Get down on yo' knees. Get acquainted wid de knee route, brederen. I knows ye too well, yo' pore little consumptive Christian.

"Yo pick out an ole dwarfed hypercrite an' say, 'I'm jes' as good as he is.'

"The trouble is, brederen, yo' haven't been borned again, nor he either,— say amen, say amen.

"We haven't got no sort o' use for these

crack-sided, bandy-shanked hypercrites. Religion is gettin' cold and sin is gettin' bold.

"Have you been borned again?"

"Yes, yes," was shouted back to him.

"Have yo' been borned again, suah?"

"Yes, yes, suah."

"Have yo' got yo' ticket to heaven? Did yo' get it at de gate o' Zion?"

"Yes, we've got our tickets."

When the preacher was the most severe old black Dinah kept shaking her turbaned head and muttering:

"Betta' not say too much about dis yere nigga'. Betta' not go too far."

The doctor, who went in the evening, reported a stirring sermon on the text,—

"Ho, every one that thirsteth." The preacher told of the awful sin of idleness; concluding with, "Ho, every one, yes an' rake an' plough an' mow an' reap, every one that thirsteth."

September twelfth.

Your last letter left you suspended in mid-air, awaiting the action of the high mucky-mucks of Tokyo in the matter of your passport to Russia.

As we have heard of no serious foreign entanglements, you were doubtless permitted to pass on your peaceful way and the Triple Alliance—America, Russia and Japan—is still intact. You certainly were entitled to the booby prize if failure to impart information is what wins it. But my sympathy went out to poor Wooden-head, whose wits must have been sadly befuddled by your density.

We have decided now that you belong in the class with Cousin Sam, who made up his mind not long ago to try the Chautauqua examination. He says he thought he owed it to his family to do something in an intellectual way, especially since I had joined the Browning Circle and he had every reason to believe the doctor was

on the waiting list.

We worried him a good deal about how he got along in the examination. At last he declared he was more than pleased with the result, as there had been fifty questions and he had answered all but forty-six. What saved him, he says, was the dash he made in the homestretch, the last four questions being, "State name, age, place of birth and present residence."

You see my humble efforts to be great as well as good are not altogether appreciated. If it weren't the Browning Club it would be something else, so it's all right; and I confess that some of us in our new-found zeal for what we call the "hidden depths" of meaning, the "deep wells of thought," etc., make ourselves a trifle ridiculous. They tell the story of two friends in the club, one of whom is an enthusiast and the other rather slow in her appreciation. The latter liked to take difficult passages and call on the enthus-

iast to explain them, which she never failed to do to her own satisfaction. One day she read the passage backward and said, "Now, Lucy, that's perfectly clear," and she gave what she was pleased to call her interpretation of the exquisite meaning of the lines.

It's that sort of thing that gets on one's nerves. Some one has defined cant as the thing said in company which one would never think of saying in the bosom of one's family, and we have a lot of it in our clubs.

Now, I do enjoy Browning immensely when Jack comes in of an evening and we can draw him into repeating his favorite passages, and I believe he has it all in that wonderful memory of his.

I have a plan, which I hope to carry through, of opening the circle to men and holding the meetings in the evening.

A Buffalo lady that I met at a reception yesterday told me an excruciatingly good Browning story. One day the club she

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belongs to met at the home of one of the ladies, and, arriving late, she found over the door-bell a card with the words: "Please do not ring this bell, or knock, or otherwise make any disturbance, as the Browning Club is now in session." How is that as a method of creating an atmosphere?

I hardly know whether to laugh or cry when I think that this is near the end of our second summer without you. It's like being in the middle of a long tunnel and the train stopped; will it ever end?

There was only one week at the seaside this year, but we crowded lots of fun into it.

First came the christening of the pretty new sailboat,—the most graceful little water-craft that ever sailed the blue. Max and Lottie did not arrive until the day of the ceremonies, for, of course, we had to have ceremonies.

There was only one name thought of and Virginia King never looked prettier

The pleasure we all got out of "The Betty" was something we sha'n't soon forget

than when, in a natty tailor-made suit of cadet blue, she, with due solemnity, pronounced the words, "I christen thee, The Betty." Then there were cheers and cheers and there was at least one of the party that felt too much like choking down a sob to be altogether gay, but she made the best stagger she could at it.

Then Jack entertained us all at luncheon and I never saw him in better spirits, though I fancy sometimes that he is getting a little too thin to be in the best of health. I tell him he's overworking, but he won't listen to that. One thing is settled,—he has to go South with Cousin Nell and me and get away from work. It was a joy, though, to have him with us the whole week and the pleasure we all got out of "The Betty" was something we sha'n't soon forget.

If there is anything in telepathy you must have shared our good times, for you were in our minds every minute.

October twentieth.

Our town is all puffed up over several of its possessions, as you know. Of recent years I think we're almost as much set up over our lecturers as about our horses, if such a thing is possible. Perhaps that's putting it a little too strong since we're Kentuckians, but we do point with pride, as our orators say, to our platform speakers.

I'm glad to say our old friend, Dr. Williams, still heads the procession when it comes to a lecture, and the way the grand old man gets about the country to meet engagements is great.

I wish you could have heard him telling us about one of his recent experiences. We were almost in convulsions and yet, at the time, it was anything but a laughing matter to the poor man. He was to lecture in Chicago on a certain evening and so had to leave home very early in the morning. His wife insisted that he should

have breakfast before starting, but, no, he wouldn't consent to that at all, saying he would stop for an early luncheon at a certain place en route, and would be all the better for the fast of a few hours.

But when the train reached the town it was a full hour behind time and a delay for a trifling thing like luncheon was not to be thought of, so extra steam was promised and the run for Chicago begun, the hungry travellers consoling each other with the thought of an early dinner when that city was reached.

All things come to him who waits and at last the big city on the lake came in sight, but the train was long overdue. A carriage and an impatient committee were all that awaited the good doctor and he was driven like mad to the lecture hall where three thousand people were doing their best to look serene and undisturbed by the delay.

Dr. Williams was introduced in a flow-

ery little speech and then related his day's experiences, adding, with an expressive gesture, that they now saw before them a fitting representative of the State which had a great *Mammoth Cave* in its center!

Baby Elizabeth is engaged in making paper dolls, all of which are to be sent to "Auntie and her itty girls." The child grows more cunning every day. One day last week she became interested in a flock of little chickens in a neighbor's yard. She followed them about, talking to them, when the lady said to her:

"Baby, dear, I don't know what Charley would say about your chasing his little chickens."

"O," said Elizabeth, "I don't expect to be here when Charley geth home."

Presently she started home and on the way met her mother. "Why mamma," she cried out, "are you looking for me? I wasth just looking for you!"

Old Chloe shakes her head dolefully

when she hears us talking about the dear child and says:

"Pon my soul, dat chile she's too bright for dis yere worl', she is."

November twentieth.

Chum of Mine:

One evening last summer during our stay at the beach, Virginia King, who has a way of running across the strangest experiences, told us at some length of one of them. I insisted she should write it down, that I might send it to you. She has finally done so and I send you the story in her own handwriting, hoping it will interest you as it did me.

VIRGINIA'S EXPERIENCE.

Aunt Carrie and I had just settled ourselves for a little vacation sojourn at one of the big hotels near Excelsior Springs. It was a day or two after our arrival that

a gentleman whom I knew slightly approached the corner of the piazza where I had snuggled down with a magazine, and asked me if I did not speak German. I replied that I did, whereupon he told me there was a young foreigner at the other end of the hotel who seemed to be in great distress, and as he spoke but little English, they had tried in vain to find out what his trouble was. He asked me if I would come and talk with him, as he was evidently a German.

The young fellow, a youth of not more than eighteen, interested me deeply from the first. He was a handsome boy with a Jewish cast of features, slight of build, and clad in a suit of the finest material, though of a marked foreign cut. On the third finger of his left hand he wore a solitaire diamond ring that would attract attention anywhere, not alone by reason of the brilliancy of the stone but more especially because of the quaintness of the

setting. His dress and general refinement seemed out of keeping with his occupation, as he was using the hose in watering the lawn.

I never saw any one so hopelessly melancholy. All my efforts to engage him in conversation resulted in nothing more than a sigh or a moan, and the exclamation that not one in thousands had suffered as he had and that nothing could improve his condition.

After much effort I succeeded in exacting a promise from him that he would tell me his story that evening after dinner. He did so and it was such a series of misfortunes that if he had not verified every statement by letters, photographs and in other ways, I could never have believed that one so young had gone through so much.

His name was Kaspar von Biedermann and he belonged to an old and noble family of southern Germany. He was

the youngest son of his father, whose immense wealth, philanthropic enterprises and distinguished lineage had given him an enviable reputation throughout Europe. The boy had been reared as a prince, enjoying every advantage that money and high station could command.

But there came a day of misfortune. Graf von Biedermann's fortune lay in a group of factories; and a fire, believed to be of incendiary origin, swept over them and left every building in ashes. Two of Kaspar's older brothers perished in the flames. His mother was so stricken with grief that she died in a few weeks. Added to all this was the fact that an employee in the business had mysteriously disappeared at the time of the fire and with him had gone the papers that established Herr von Biedermann in his property rights. He was reduced from affluence to penury, and he was already well along in years.

There seemed but one thing for Kaspar to do. He would come to America, a land where money was easily made, seek employment, and from his earnings send back enough from month to month to keep his father from want and from the humiliation of accepting help from strangers. The father had inherited the pride of centuries.

It was not so easy as he had hoped to find work in the great city of New York, and Kaspar's first experience was unfortunate. He was employed where there was machinery; and during his first month he had the misfortune to have his right index finger caught and crushed, so that it had to be amputated.

When Kaspar found himself able again to work he was obliged to take a place at low wages in a large clothing store. In order to send the usual amount to his father he lived in the humblest way.

It was his aim to do his work so faith-

fully that he would be singled out for an early increase of salary.

One evening the young proprietor remained until all the employees except Kaspar had gone. The latter was busying himself putting everything to rights.

"How is it that you have interest enough in your work to stay after hours to finish up?" asked the proprietor, coming over to where Kaspar was engaged. "You are the first to come, I notice, and the last to go."

"O, I wish nothing so much as to do my work well."

"But why are you so interested, my boy?"

Thus pressed, he told Mr. Israel that he had an aged father to support and that it was a matter of urgent necessity that he should make his services valuable and thus in time earn more money.

The earnestness of the boy appealed to Mr. Israel. He discovered that he was

able, though but sixteen years of age, to speak several languages; that he was skilled in music, and that his manners and bearing were of the best.

The result of the interview was an invitation to the boy to go with him that evening to his suburban home, where he arranged for him to give language lessons, after business hours, to his young sisters.

Soon Kaspar was installed as a member of the family. His gentle ways and unselfish nature made him at once a favorite. He was especially happy in the warm friendship which sprang up between him and Mr. Israel, who made him a companion of his walks and drives and treated him as a younger brother. He even revealed to him that he had been converted to Christianity, though he did not dare let his family know this, as he believed it would kill his mother, whose religion was of the orthodox Jewish type.

Kaspar was happy, too, because he

was able to send a larger sum each month to his father.

One day, as Mr. Israel and Kaspar were walking down Fifth Avenue, they met the old employee, Rosenthal, who had disappeared at the time of the fire.

Recognition was mutual, and Rosenthal stopped to speak to Kaspar, addressing him as the young "Herr Graf." It was the first intimation Mr. Israel had that Kaspar belonged to the nobility. Not a word had he let fall to that effect.

Rosenthal sought a further interview with Kaspar and his employer, in which he acknowledged that he had acted dishonorably. He was now, he said, in business in Victoria, British Columbia, and would soon be in a position to restore to Kaspar's father much of what he had wrongfully taken from him. He urged strongly that Kaspar should go home with him, saying that he would give him employment at a good salary and his father

would soon be restored to his own.

It was hard to leave Mr. Israel and the family that had become so dear to him, but it seemed the best thing to do.

The long journey to Victoria was begun. Rosenthal treated Kaspar with kindness in the early days and he began to feel sure that happier and more prosperous times were once more before his dear old father.

One morning Kaspar awoke in his berth to find that something terrible had befallen him. He had been severely injured in the back of the neck. A bloody handkerchief covered the wound. Rosenthal was gone!

The train was approaching Victoria and Kaspar was hurried to a hospital in that city.

There the poor boy lay for weeks, most of the time raving in delirium.

His peculiar case attracted wide-spread attention and an account of it appeared in the Victoria newspapers.

The only clue to the young foreigner's identity, the reports said, was the fact that in his delirium he called constantly the name "David Hitte." This account attracted the attention of a young clergyman of Tacoma, a Mr. Armentrout, who, a few years previous, had visited the part of Germany where Kaspar lived. He had been shown through the factories by a man called David Hitte, who was private tutor to the young son of the wealthy owner. The boy, who seemed very fond of his tutor, was cantering about on his pony and joined them from time to time.

Mr. Armentrout felt sure that, in some way, the young fellow at the Victoria hospital was none other than the German lad, though he could not conceive how he could be in his present situation. He determined to go to Victoria and see for himself.

His surmise was correct. His sympathies were enlisted and, though the

mystery of the boy's present situation was unexplained, he determined to stay near him until he had recovered sufficiently to accompany him home. The physicians in charge feared that his injuries had been such that he would never recover fully his powers of mind, or that, if he did, he would be subject to life-long attacks of mental hallucination.

Again, better days dawned. Kaspar had regained his health in a measure and was taken to the Armentrout family, which consisted of the father and mother, the young man, who had recently finished his theological course and had been installed as rector in a small suburban church, and two young daughters, whose education was a matter of the highest concern to their parents.

It was a home of wealth and culture and they were happy to take to their hearts one who could contribute so much to their daughters' advancement.

He gave lessons to the girls in French and German and also on the violin, and there was no longer any trouble about the regular monthly remittance to his father, which was always his first concern.

There was that in the boy which awakened the sincerest affection. He was refined, thoughtful for others, and of a winning disposition, giving a wealth of love in return for every manifestation of interest in himself.

One evening, after some months, the young rector had gone out to deliver a lecture, and on his return Kasper insisted on going down to the dining room and bringing him some refreshment.

He was busy performing this service when his old enemy, Rosenthal, sprang upon him, and threatened him with violence if he would not immediately give him certain papers which he believed Kaspar to have in his possession, which would incriminate him.

More dead than alive, Kaspar fled up stairs, but the fright brought on one of his attacks from which he did not recover for weeks.

About this time a letter came from Mr. Israel which stated that he had decided to start branch stores at Council Bluffs and New Orleans, placing his junior partner in charge of the latter.

He said that he himself would go to Iowa and stay there until things were going nicely. Possibly he would remain there permanently. He closed his letter by saying that nothing would please him better than to have Kaspar come on to the Iowa town and help him. He enclosed a check for the expense of the trip if he should decide to come.

A family council was held, and, fearing that Kaspar would be in constant terror of Rosenthal, it was thought best that he should go on and join his old employer and friend.

It was a bright day in early June when he arrived in Council Bluffs, happy in the thought of an early reunion with one he loved so much.

But he was destined to receive a blow which seemed crushing beyond any he had yet sustained.

Mr. Israel had suddenly died, three weeks before.

The shock proved too much for Kaspar and again he found himself in a hospital.

When he had gained the mastery of himself sufficiently to look his situation in the face, his resolution was in some way to get to New Orleans.

He found that he had just money enough to take him to Kansas City and he made that his first objective point.

The one thought that was uppermost in his mind on his arrival there was how to get the next instalment for his father. It was maddening to think of his honored parent needing money. In his despera-

tion he decided to pawn his trunk. It was filled with good clothes and other valuable articles he had brought with him from his better days in the old country. Among his treasures was a fine old violin, a Stradivarius, left him by his grandfather. This, with the diamond ring, which had never left his finger since being placed there by the grandfather during his last illness, was his most treasured possession. Both were valued, however, not for the money they represented but because they were heirlooms in the family, for family counted for everything with this proud scion of a noble German house. Many a time he had vowed that he would die before parting with his ring or violin.

And now the worst had come! He realized thirty dollars on the trunk and its contents and all but a small amount of this was sent to his father.

The strain was too great. He started out for a walk and was found by a

gentleman in front of his residence, lying in a faint. He was taken in and cared for and then was sent to Excelsior Springs, where it was learned that temporary employment might be given him. This was his painful story.

Again and again he repeated that he was beyond human help. With the meager sum that he was able to earn at labor such as he now had he could send nothing to his father, nor could he ever get enough ahead to redeem his trunk and go on to New Orleans. He was in terror also lest he should, when under one of his nervous attacks, be sent to an asylum for the insane.

My first step was to get him into a less melancholy state by assuring him that my aunt and I would do everything in our power to help him and that he must look upon us as friends.

As curiosity was rife as to what I had learned of the strange boy's history, I

thought best to tell something of his tragic experience, hoping thus to awaken general sympathy in his behalf. My plan, which was seconded by Aunt Carrie, was to raise sufficient money among the guests of the hotel to redeem his trunk and send him on to New Orleans.

Some were eager to assist, while others scoffed at his story, saying they found plenty to do with their money without giving it to young foreigners who sported diamond rings.

Fortunately, among the later arrivals was a business man who corroborated the statement made by Kaspar as to the death of Mr. Israel. This had been a disputed point; and the tide now turned in the boy's favor.

We soon had the money raised and my aunt and I returned to Kansas City, Kaspar going with us.

Our next step was to seek out the benevolent gentleman who had found him

in a faint and sent him to Excelsior Springs.

We then went together and released the trunk from the grasp of the close-fisted pawn-broker, who could not conceal his vexation at letting it go.

Kaspar insisted on opening the trunk and showing us his precious Stradivarius, at the sight of which he shed tears of joy. He had many beautiful things upon which he might have realized money; and we warned him never again to part with his entire outfit at once.

In a day or two we started him on his journey to the Southern city. Once more he had hope in his heart. He reached his destination safely and wrote us a joyful letter, as did his friend, both expressing heartfelt thanks for our interest in a stranger.

December twenty-first.

It's hard to believe that the holidays are here—the second you have spent in far-away Japan—and I find myself tolling off the months until you return, like the beads on a rosary, just as Baby Bess is diligently counting the nights till Santa Claus comes.

O, it will be divine when you are home again, safe in the family fold, with nothing in the world to do but rest on your laurels.

But pardon me, Madam Crusader, maybe it's the lecture field you'll be after entering! I notice they all do it. Do you remember the summer we spent down in the country? Of course you do, but do you recall our fellow boarder, the "lecturer in high elocution," as he called himself, who invited us one evening to go to the little schoolhouse to hear his lecture, "Rome as I Seen It"? Now, if you can hit on some such catchy title, your fortune's made.

I wonder we've never thought of it before. Why, everything points to the lecture field. And what novel features you'll be able to introduce, such as your waltzing exercise, to relieve the usual monotony; for you will agree with me that a missionary address is usually tedious.

For the last month or more Aunt Chloe's Dinah has been talking, every time she could get any one to listen, of nothing but the wedding of her friend Polly, over on the Colonel Fowler plantation. She was all worked up about what she was to wear, and of course Aunt Ann and I had to help her out by getting her a new pink frock and some slippers and things, while the cook was told to fix her up a basket of good things for the wedding feast. She was the happiest "cullud pusson" hereabouts when she started off with young Pete, she mounted on a lank old mule, and he ambling along beside her, dressed in his best Sunday jeans.

She was the happiest "cullud pusson" hereabouts

I was somewhat curious to know how it all went off, and asked Dinah the first time I saw her. "Lawsy, Missy," she said, "dat was de elegantest weddin' dis yere niggah ever witnessed, 'deed it was. Why, honey, ef we didn't dance till plumb mawnin', and then some mo', and de suppa', I tell yo', was a daisy, wid a bounful supply of good things."

"How was the bride dressed?" I asked.

"O, she was jes' as purty as a bride allus is, wid a white polonay an' a yaller skirt, cut gorn, shlonwise o' the breanth and jes' the cutes' red slippers."

"But how about the groom? How did he look?"

"Why, Missy, now wot do yo' think? Dat wuthless niggah, he nevah showed up at all! Dat is wot I calls a downright mean trick."

. . . . . .

If it only didn't take your letters so

long to reach us! I want to know how you are this blessed minute.

All send love and a thousand Christmas greetings.

January twenty-eighth,
Nineteen hundred and three.

The old house amid the beech trees has assumed once more its natural air of repose. We had a gay holiday time with Virginia King and the Kriegers as guests for the week. It was disappointing that Bess and Frances were unable to come; and I have told them plainly that I hold them responsible for the absence of Bobby Hartley and Edward Martin, who were sure they could be here when we parted from them at the beach.

The doctor had a visit from an old college friend—a Mr. Metcalf—and there were several interesting young Southern

people visiting at Colonel Harper's, and, naturally, we saw a good deal of them.

We gave a dinner one evening and, besides, had them all over for a "fagot party" which they declared was the event of their lives. I told them they liked it because of the opportunity it gave each to shine as a wit—and really there were several brilliant story tellers in the crowd that gathered around the big log fire. Each told a story while his fagot burned.

We had a new housemaid—a young Irish girl—that we took on trial, chiefly because we thought she could be of service to our guests, some of whom were unused to colored servants. She was a neat little thing, and I had made up my mind that we had found the pink of perfection, when she came up to my room to remonstrate against our entertaining so much. What do you think of that, and in a Southern home, too?

"I loikes yez," she said, "but we can't

have no more company because it don't give me no chance to go to no parties at all, at all, meself."

We decided it was best to part, and that left me with rather more to do than usual, and for the first time in my life I felt dead tired—that is, after it was all over.

Baby Bess says she wishes it was Christmas every day—but I don't. Am I growing old?

February fourteenth.

A winter landscape with the gleam of ice among the trees and a patch of snow here and there along the hedgerows, has always had a fascination for me. I like gnarled and rusty old oaks and fine old beeches when there's nothing to conceal their giant strength and rugged grace.

I've just been out for a long country

drive with Jack. He had a call from down near Kimball's Corners and proposed that I should go with him. I jumped at the chance; for it seemed an age since I'd had an old-time, heart-to-heart talk with him, though I see him almost daily.

His friends all think he ought to cut out the country practice. He's driven to death with it,—but you know Jack. As I've remarked once or twice before, he's the victim of a too acute conscience.

I tell him he ought to take a good long vacation and visit the Orient, but he only smiles, and tells me I would be consigning him to—capital punishment.

It was his little favorite, Catharine, that had suffered all night long with the earache, but by the time we reached there she was quite over it, and ready to have a good romp with "Uncle Jack."

Her eyes sparkled as she told him about the pain, adding that she believed the

ear-ache was just about as bad as a disease. She's been attending Sunday-school and is up on certain ailments.

"Uncle Jack," she said, "I know an awful bad disease and you can't guess it. Do you know what I'm thinking about? It's leprosy." And her eyes grew bigger. "Everything drops off when you have leprosy. Your arms fall off, and your legs, and your cheeks, and I don't see how you can even have a funeral, for there's just some pieces left," she added meditatively.

Rather solemn subject for a chick of "half-past-five," as she puts it.

Noticing my watch, little Catharine turned to me and in a lowered voice asked: "Are you going to take anything with you to heaven?"

I acknowledged that I expected to go empty handed.

"Mamma says," she chattered on, "that it's so buful up there that we don't need to take anything, but I'm going to

take my watch,—an' I won't tell God."

Her mother explained that she had a watch left her by her grandmother, and the thought of ever parting from it was a severe trial to her religious faith.

The drive home was delicious. I had never seen the world more beautiful, it seemed to me, nor felt the air so exhilarating.

Jack and I laughed and talked like two magpies!

In passing a big house near the roadside, I fell to criticising the figure of a dog on the lawn. "Now, if I should try to do anything of that kind," I said, "I should make some attempt to follow nature. Just see how all out of proportion those forelegs are. Who could the sculptor have been?"

Just at that moment the supposed statue came dashing out at us, barking furiously; and my remarks on art ended in a laugh at my expense. Next time I'll

make sure it's not a "living picture" I'm analyzing so ruthlessly.

March seventeenth.

I can't understand old Dr. Johnson. You know Boswell reports him as groaning over his letters, and impatiently throwing them aside with:

"An odd thought that, when I'm dead, I'll get no letters." Why, truly, I'd be dead without letters!

I had a delightful ten-page letter from Virginia this morning. She is spending a month or two at Washington; and, as she has friends that are away up in politics, is seeing a good deal of official society. She will be a favorite wherever she is and she has a perfect genius for adventure. She wrote to tell me of her last one.

She was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue on the day after her arrival when

a handsome victoria drawn by a team of spirited greys drew up at the curbing and an elderly gentleman was about to alight, when the horses, suddenly frightened at a little boy's toy balloon, started on a run and the gentleman was thrown to the pavement. He was not hurt enough to attract the crowd, but seemed a good deal dazed, and Virginia saw that he needed assistance. She spoke to him and suggested getting a carriage. He expressed his gratitude, saying that he did not wish to detain her as he would be all right, he felt sure, in a few moments.

The carriage was soon there, however, and Virginia, seeing his weakness, insisted on going with him to his home, which proved to be one of the handsome residences on DuPont Circle.

Before they parted, the old gentleman asked for her name and address and she gave him her card, though she made no effort to find out who he was. The next

day she was surprised to receive a large bouquet of American Beauty roses with the card of one of the justices of the Supreme Court attached! She at first insisted that there was some mistake, but a second look showed that it was sent from the stately home to which she had driven.

On the following day the cards of the wife and daughters of the Justice were brought in to Virginia and she had a delightful call, they inviting her to a family dinner one evening that week.

It's just that sort of thing that befalls Virginia wherever she goes.

. . . . . .

Not a word from you since your Christmas letter. We held a family pow-wow over that one, reading it over and over. Then I put it under my pillow and dreamed all night about little almond-eyed maidens who were weaving garlands of cherry-blossoms for a very severe missionary lady who sat on a throne.

May ninth.

My dear Chum:

Our Browning Circle has federated. If that has no special meaning to you, if it does not thrill you and set your nerves a-tingling and your blood a-palpitating, it is because you are living in heathen darkness, my poor girl. The gospel of federation must and shall be carried to you.

Of course, you know all about the club movement, designated by the unbelieving as the "club fad." You know how every rural district and every village has its club of women, and how the towns and cities have become hotbeds of culture, and all because of the clubs.

A club woman is reported as saying that before this glorious day women could talk about nothing beyond the three D's—Dress, Domestics and Disease.

Well, now we do not talk at all. We converse. We read learned papers. We

solve problems. We hold conferences. We take up all kinds of altruistic work. We become prominent by leaps and bounds.

The little daughter of one of our club women was in class the other day when the teacher was seeking to get to the bottom of some mischief that had been done.

"Children," she said sternly, "what shall we do about this?"

Little Dorothy's hand went up timidly.

"Well, Dorothy, what do you propose?"

"Why, I think you ought to appoint a tommittee," she said.

You see the leaven is spreading.

A few years ago club women found themselves in the situation of little Robert.

His grandmother had been telling him it was possible for little boys to grow better and better all the time. Robert listened with bated breath. Finally he said: "Grandmother, when a little boy gets j-u-s-t as good as he can get—*then* what?"

That was practically the question before the club women, when some one cleverer than the rest said, "We must federate or we must perish." No time was lost and a big national federation was formed. It was found to be delightfully exhilarating; just the kind of an outlet that was needed for bottled-up enthusiasm.

If a national federation is such a good thing, "What's the matter with State federations?" some one called out, and the women, figuratively speaking, answered back from a score of States, "They're all right," and one State after another organized. Then the contagion spread like wild-fire and the clubs of the cities formed federations. It's great fun, especially for the younger fry, from whom but little is expected.

But seriously, sweetheart, the federation of clubs is doing a lot for women and so is the individual club. The kinship

broadens women and makes them far more tolerant of others' views and vastly more sympathetic toward mankind in general.

Aunt Ann says that the club has worked a wonderful change in the women themselves right here. It has created a sort of universal sisterhood and wiped out the artificial lines which kept women so far apart socially. This is a service of which any club may be proud.

Well, as I remarked, our Browning Circle joined the State federation and, greatly to my surprise, chose me a delegate to the biennial meeting, which was only three weeks away. About the same time, a note came to me from the chairman of the program committee, asking me to tell in three minutes just how I had aroused so great an interest in foreign missions that even the children of the town had set to work and had raised a mile of money!

There was never anything more absurd than that I should speak before a great State federation, unless it was your writing for the missionary paper.

Of course, I wrote back, what was strictly true, that I had had nothing whatever to do with that picturesque campaign for money; that it was for the support of a system of Free Mission Kindergartens to be conducted by a cousin of mine, but that all credit was due to the Daughters of the King.

I supposed that this would let me off, but no, a second note informed me that my name had been placed on the program, and I must tell the story, even if I had not been the star performer. Just think of your poor little cousin scheduled for a speech!

One of the first things to be thought of was clothes. And right there is one of the benefits of these State federations. They do keep one up to the mark in dress. I

call that a real service to womankind, too. There's no place for a dowdy, ill-dressed woman in the modern scheme of things. I'm so glad you're not letting down in that respect. You'll have ten-fold more influence as a young woman with pretty clothes than you could otherwise. Merely as a business proposition it pays to wear stylish clothes.

The club woman knows her Emerson well enough to realize with him that "the sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow."

Ours was a jolly party of twenty that went from here and as we had previously engaged apartments at headquarters we had a thoroughly good time.

On the way down a Chinaman with an immense *queue* sat in front of me for some distance. His skin was wrinkled and creased, and his flesh withered like a mummy's. We began speculating as to

how old he probably was. Some of the ladies grew actually curious about it and suggested that I should ask him. At length I drew him into conversation which I led up as delicately as possible to the crucial question, which, after all, sounded rather blunt. He answered blandly, "Lady, I am thirty-eight. How muchee oldee are you?" It served me right, didn't it?

I had idealized those women of the Federation so much that, I confess, I felt a little as I fancy Lincoln did when he went to Washington for the first time. He wrote back to a friend that he was very much disappointed in things at Washington. The houses were a great deal larger than he had expected to see, but the men were not nearly so large.

But, if I was disappointed for a moment, that feeling disappeared when I heard the earnest, forceful addresses and realized that, as a delegate, I was a part of

this great representative body of women that was working in many ways for better conditions throughout our State.

We were all bubbling over with enthusiasm and sometimes almost forgot to go to bed, there was so much to talk over.

Just imagine me wildly excited over the problem of child labor, the wrongs of the sweat-shop and the establishment of play-grounds for poor children!

It can never be said that our Kentucky women do not talk well. Why, they are too fluent, if that is possible. Their fluency sometimes gave one the impression that they had prepared just a little too thoroughly, and suggested the question whether the speaker was the most eloquent of women or a mere phonograph.

It was surprising how smoothly the machinery ran, so much so that I thought a little friction now and then would have proved mighty enlivening by creating the impression of spontaneity.

I was reminded of the French Minister of Public Instruction who boasted that he could at any moment take out his watch and tell the precise question that was being asked in any school under his jurisdiction.

The first day was a beautiful one, breezeless and sunny, both of which conditions were favorable to the wearing of new hats. They are so large this season that if there had been any breeze I'm sure there would have been several balloon ascensions.

I will send you the papers with the full federation proceedings.

P. S. Would you believe, girlie, that I had my picture in the paper? It came about through that dreadful three-minute speech. The editor, or some of his minions, had written down to the home photographer and had it all ready. I'm hoping that they will not find it out at home, for you know father always maintained that there were only three occasions

on which a lady's name should appear in print,—when she was born, when she was married and at her death.

July thirteenth.

I think I've not written you about the visit we made with Max and Lottie at their first wedding anniversary. I went up a few days in advance, and, would you believe it? I took little Beth with me. Wasn't that a capital idea? They all declared they'd rise up and call me blessed for ever thinking of it.

Our two doctors ran over for a three days' stay. Virginia came all the way from a little mountain resort up in Maryland and that was all of the old crowd that we could bring together, though every one reported by letter, even Bobby Hartley, and you know we can seldom get a line on him!

I wish with all my heart that I could picture Lottie's home so that you could see it as it is. It has individuality, character, repose; and it has, besides, so hospitable an atmosphere that you feel it the moment you enter. On the door is an inscription which I liked because it is so true!

" Be it lofty palace or humble cot,
'Tis never a home where love is not,
But all who enter this portal dear,
Will find true home; for love rules here."

It's that homey feeling that we all enjoyed so much—not a bit of stiffness or formality, no effort on the part of the hostess to entertain one every minute. The doctor found the freedom of the place so agreeable that when we came to talking about a name for the home, that important matter having been postponed last year, he proposed "Liberty Hall," which we promptly voted down because it

recalled too vividly certain youthful struggles with American history.

There was a lively skirmish for the honor of naming the place. We became really excited over it and finally decided to post all the names offered and then take a secret ballot, requiring Max and Lottie to vote.

Virginia insisted that it must be a flower name, as the Friendship Garden was at the height of its beauty. Her choice was "Larkspur Lodge," which she was willing, if we preferred, to change to "Lilac Terrace." Bobby wrote that it should be "The Purple Dragon," because of the long sweep of the lilac hedge. Jack, mindful of its alluring restfulness, thought it should be "Sans Souci," or rather its German equivalent, "Ohne Sorge," and as we had not heard from you on the subject, he offered this name for you rather than himself. There's nothing that Jack forgets.

Frances wrote that she had thought it over till she was dizzy, but nothing came to her but "Friendship Cottage," and Bess's preference was for "The Larches."

I suggested the name "The Anchorage," in which case I hoped they might make use of my favorite motto: "In this Safe Anchorage find Welcome and Good Cheer."

Jack's name, "Ohne Sorge," was the one chosen, as of course it would be, and we were all glad of it. Max says that my motto shall find a place on the beam over the library entrance, as he wouldn't think of keeping house any longer without it, while Lottie insists that for a companion piece on the opposite wall she will have "The Ornament of a Home is the Friends who frequent it."

Several who had no name to suggest for the little farm sent mottoes for the house. Uncle Caleb's was,

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest."

Aunt Ann sent, characteristically, something of the same,

"Now happiness for us at our own hearthstone,
And a good word for the absent."

Lottie says they'll have house mottoes enough to supply all their friends, so if you need one do not hesitate to apply. I hope you will.

One thing we enjoyed very much was installing a sun-dial in the garden. It was a real old affair that had had its place originally in the terrace of the old grandfather's home in Germany. Fritz said when he was here that it was one of their most valued heirlooms, but as this garden would never be complete without it, he promised to send it. We had a gray stone pedestal made for it and it adds immensely to the interest of the surroundings.

Baby Elizabeth was a darling. She never forgot to pray for you and one night she added to her usual petition: "O, God, please take care of auntie till she cometh home, then you won't have to any more!"

September eleventh.

Can it be that this is your second visit up in Vladivostok? Time is rushing along at a mad rate. Sometimes I grow fairly giddy at the speed with which I'm whirling past the familiar landmarks. Now, there are the birthdays, for instance. They insist on coming, whether welcome or not, and what's one to do about it?

Your experience at the inspection office will do to laugh over now that it's past—at least one may as well laugh as cry; but I sometimes feel like going out and bumping my head against a stone wall, good and hard, just to even up things a little between you and me.

If I didn't have absolute faith in a Higher Power and feel, deep down in my heart, that something very good was held in reserve for you just a little beyond, I could never bear to see you wrestling so bravely with heartsickness and homesickness. It's a long lane that has no turn, and the turn is in store for you and I'm positive it will take you into flowery places.

One of my friends has just returned from a summer resort in Maine. While there she was present at some kind of a religious service in which the people were fairly carried off their feet by enthusiasm for foreign missions.

Within a short time seventy thousand dollars was raised for that purpose. I wish they'd put every dollar of it at your disposal. Several of those present, men and women, actually rose and pledged every dollar that they had in the world.

The climax was reached when it was

proposed to exchange gold ornaments for iron; and within a few minutes forty gold watches were exchanged for iron ones, which bore the inscription, "Gold for iron for Humanity's sake."

My friend was greatly impressed with the exchange of gold for iron and felt sure that it must have some historical basis, though she couldn't remember in what connection.

On looking up the matter she found that Frederick the Great made such an appeal to the loyalty of the women of the German Fatherland, asking them to give up their jewels to help the country in its time of need.

The true-hearted German women gladly took off their gold ornaments, subscribing under the words, "I give gold for iron for the sake of the Fatherland."

And so history repeats itself in a way, and women are always ready to do their part.

One of the present-day fads in this country is the study of mental healing. Yesterday a returned medical missionary was calling upon Aunt Ann and told her that he made great use of that very thing in his practice among the natives of southern India.

One day a woman came to him suffering great agony, the cause of her trouble, as she thought, being a frog in her stomach.

He put her on his operating table, covered her face and used the stomach pump. He then showed her a frog that he had preserved in alcohol, and, in a moment, her pain was gone.

. . . . . .

We are all so glad you were pleased with the things in the box, especially with the hat, for we were afraid you might think it too large. It's becoming, you say, and so it's all right.

The sleeves are going up, too, as you

He then showed her a frog and in a moment her pain was gone

see by the frock we sent you. I was feeling particularly fine in a new street gown which I was wearing for the first time, when I heard a boy say, "That lady seems to be wearing bloomers on her arms."

I hope you won't object to wearing the crepe de chine. I think it will be becoming to you, but I look a fright in it.

September thirtieth.

You say you're afraid you'll be a back number when you come home. That would be a calamity, sure enough, but there are worse things. Now, if you dare to come back without that indescribable air of distinction which foreign residence is supposed to impart, not to mention the stylishness you always exemplified before you went away, we will send you back. There's to be no fooling on that score!

No one can deny that we travel at a

pretty rapid pace on this side the water. The truth is, you have either to run or be dragged. Yet, while one may soon fall behind the procession, it's the easiest matter in the world to pull up to the front again, because of the eternal change that is going forward.

I spoke in my last of the prevailing study of mental healing. I don't think anything new is being advanced on the subject, but some very old hobbies are being ridden to the limit. The doctor was saying only the other day that physicians have always made use of this influence which is being brought forward as a modern discovery.

I heard of two ladies who were accustomed to spend their afternoons together reading on the subject of mental influence. They were enthusiastic, and wished for nothing more than some one on whom to test their newly acquired power. One day they observed a man passing down the

street on crutches. Here was their opportunity! They resolved to use all their strength of mind to help him overcome this difficulty. The poor man should know nothing of it, but they would do him good just the same.

The second day they were deeply gratified to see that he used but one crutch. It was highly encouraging. They could hardly wait for his appearance on the third day, and when he did come, they were very, very happy. He used only a cane.

Their next thought was that they should not allow such a manifestation of power to pass unnoticed.

They, therefore, resolved to tell the man. He ought to know to whom he owed his remarkable recovery. The man listened in silence, then told them that he was sorry to disappoint them, but the fact was that he had just put on a new artificial leg. He felt uncertain about it at

first and so used the crutches, and as his confidence grew, he had dropped them.

You may require a little coaching on our latest isms, when you come back, but at the end of a six-month we'll all be after something new.

. . . . . .

I must confess that by no stretch of the imagination can I think of you as doing anything so foolish as going to the mountains to see the sun rise or going without your evening meal to see it set. What has come over the spirit of your dreams, anyway? I can't believe you're love-sick, though it looks like it. Where is our friend, Deutschy?

November thirtieth.

A little story which the doctor told us of his old-world experiences seemed worth setting down for you in his own language,

since you were always fond of fairy tales and traditions, and Christmas is so near:

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY THORN.

I wonder if any of you have ever heard of the Holy Thorn. I had not until I found myself two years ago wandering along the pleasant by-ways of the Somerset Valley in southwestern England. It's as lovely a bit of English country as you could wish to see. One evening I stopped at a little thatched cottage to get a mug of milk, and sitting on a bench in the shade of a gnarled old apple tree, my hostess told me about the thorn, which she declared blooms always at Christmas time, "mindful of our Lord."

"Yes, many's the time," she continued, "I've gathered blossoms, which burst from its branches on Christmas night—the Christmas of the old style. It makes no difference how cold and frosty and icy it is, out come the blossoms and the leaves are a beautiful green.

"In the old time the branches and blossoms were always gathered to decorate the King's apartments for the Christmas festival. Nothing else would do, but people had more respect for religion in those good old days than they do now," and she shook her head sadly.

The tradition is that Joseph of Arimathea, in his day, made his way to Britain with eleven disciples. They landed on "Weary All Hill," which my old lady pointed out with pride, for it's but a few steps from her cottage.

The natives of the place had no welcome for the strangers. They ordered them to leave and to win them to his faith Joseph is supposed to have performed a miracle.

He thrust his staff, the staff that he had carried all the way from Jerusalem, into the earth and made the sign of the cross above it, bidding it bud and blossom.

It was at Christmas time but branches

shot forth and presently they were white with blossoms, and the air was full of fragrance. The staff was from the tree from which the crown of thorns had been taken.

The people were convinced and the King gave them land upon which to build a chapel.

The original tree flourished till Cromwell's time, when an unbeliever is supposed to have cut it down. "And he was pricked by a thorn and bled till he died," added my voluble hostess, with evident satisfaction.

A clump of trees sprang up from the roots and it is from one of these my aged friend declared she had so often gathered Christmas blossoms.

When I was ready to go, I sauntered over to "Weary All Hill" and there found thorn trees in abundance, as well as a delightful view for miles around.

The story seemed to me fanciful rather

than true; and unfortunately I was not there at Christmas to put it to the test.

As if in proof of the old saw that the ridiculous is never very far from the sublime, my eye ran across this "notis" on my way back to the village: "If any man's or woman's cows get into these here otes his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

March fourth,
Nineteen hundred and four.

Now that it has come to the worst and war has actually broken out over there, we are wildly excited on this side, and nothing but the last battle is talked about. Every man, woman and child feels in duty bound to take sides one way or the other, and I am so glad to be able to tell you that, with hardly an exception, we are on the side of brave little Japan. Isn't that

great? I should feel like leaving the country were it otherwise.

Really, I've only heard of one lone individual who has espoused the side of Russia. It's our old friend, Colonel R. H. Byerly; and he can hardly be expected to look at things with American eyes, for you know that much of his life has been spent abroad in the diplomatic service. I dare say he has worthy personal grounds for his devotion to Russia.

Everybody says that our warm partisanship of the Japanese cause comes from no hostility to Russia. When, some years ago, Russia suffered a terrible famine, the Americans worked like beavers to send speedy relief, and I'm sure we would do the same thing again, and gladly, too.

I was a little girl at the time, but I can remember something of the way people worked to send money and food to the Russians. Aunt Cynthia was living at that time out in Iowa, the great corn State,

where, as she says, the people are as generous as the prairies are broad and inviting. She was appointed by the governor a member of a commission of women to raise money quickly, with which to buy corn for the starving. The men previously appointed had worked too slowly, and every day the situation became more distressing.

It was said at that time that two dollars would save a human life, and this word was passed breathlessly from lip to lip, "Two dollars will save a life."

How that cry did go right to the hearts of the people! Who so poor that he could not save some poor starving creature?

One night after Aunt Cynthia had gone to bed a poor man came to the house and knocked loud and long. He was a gardener, dependent on a little patch of ground for the support of his family. He said that he had heard that two dollars would save a Russian peasant's life and

he and his wife had been living on potatoes for several days, that they might give this money and thus save one life. He felt as if the money must be dispatched that very night.

How those women did work! Up and down the streets they went, soliciting money. The school children helped with their penny collections. The young people danced and gave the proceeds of the ball to swell the fund. Sermons were preached, lectures were given. Nothing was left undone. The most active campaign was crowded into three weeks. It was corn or money that was given and the money was speedily converted into corn, which was rushed with lightning speed to the coast and hurried on to a big boat held for the purpose. There was no charge for transportation, either by land or sea, for great corporations, like individuals, have hearts, and,—two dollars would save a human life!

Aunt Cynthia used to tell how, after it was all closed, little children would stop her on the street to offer her a penny to send to Russia!

That does not look as if we were hostile to Russia, does it?

But now Japan is having her inning, and we are with her heart and soul.

Just to get Jack away for a little rest we made up a farm party and spent last week in the country. The time was too short, but we enjoyed every minute of our stay. I lured Jack into going to help me look after daddy, who had not been very well.

We took daily tramps in the woods and then how we did enjoy the evenings around our big log fires!

But I must run, for the doctor is at the door with his runabout and beckoning me to come for a spin across country. His automobile is a little beauty. By the way, Uncle Caleb says the automobile has

divided all humanity into two classes, the quick and the dead!

July seventh.

Now please take a deep breath, little girl, for I'm about to 'sprise you, as Baby Beth says. Are you ready? Well, we are all down at an old farmhouse in the Cumberland foot-hills in Tennessee, and what's more, we are here to stay a full month! Our little farm party just whetted our appetites for the country. We've talked of this outing in a general way for an age; but, as it was to be taken chiefly on Jack's account, we had to wait till he could come, of course. No play with Hamlet left out, if you please.

When Jack finally named the day, we lost no time in engaging quarters and getting our traps together and here we have been for a week,—the doctor taking

observations on human nature, and the rest of us fishing, botanizing, reading and vegetating.

It was one of the conditions of the trip, solemnly agreed to by all, in family conclave, that we should go to the very borders of civilization—we have, in fact, stepped across the line—and we are cheerfully to lead the simple life—conforming as nearly as we know how to the ways of the native inhabitants.

It was Uncle Caleb's idea, seconded with a right good will by the doctor. The novelty of it all struck us about right. What's the use, we said, in doing the same tiresome thing in the same tiresome old way each summer? No, we refuse to be anything if not original.

And so we have got down to first principles; and you have no idea how much enjoyment we are getting out of it. There's no use of my telling you to imagine yourself in our places, for even your

imagination with its propensity for soaring could not conjure up a situation like this.

Picture us, if you can, as boarders at a rambling old house whose one virtue is that it affords shelter from the elements; that is, if they're not too turbulent. It was once a dignified mansion but the ravages of war were too much for it. The old family's gone many a year ago, and the place is in the hands of Joshua Winters and his wife,—or Uncle Joshua and Aunt Hannah, as everybody calls them. They have two grown sons, whose only distinction is that they have never set foot beyond the borders of the county and are proud of it, and a young daughter, Jane, who rather puzzles us by her engaging, innocent ways. We call her the "little wood-violet," and even the doctor cannot discover a resemblance to the parent stalk. Joshua is a sturdy son of Tennessee soil who is in great danger of being translated

because of his superior endowments. He is looked upon with a good deal of awe by his neighbors for he has that wonderful thing, "book-larnin"; and he uses it to some purpose, for he has discovered that this old world of ours is flat like a pancake and that "if you jes' went fur enough you'd step off, kerplunk."

We are hoping we'll get to hear Uncle Joshua lecture on this subject while we're here—we're not quite satisfied with the private explanations of his theory though he gives them very freely—and he does lecture, he tells us.

Aunt Hannah's specialty is the use of language. For picturesque speech I've not seen her equal. She has, too, an overweening pride of family and never wearies of telling about her "relation."

"Now my relation is celestically eddicated an' that's higher as college eddication, they do say," is a favorite reflection of hers.

One of her relatives she recently lost by death, and though she grieves over the loss, her sorrow is greatly lightened by the thought that "she died a-pintin' toward heaven; and she got a great long advertisement in the paper."

One of her nephews she has decided would be a suitable match for me. It's high time some one was beginning to take some interest in my future!

In Aunt Hannah's eyes, for a girl to get along into the twenties without a husband of some sort is enough to make her kinfolk hang their heads with shame. It's pure kindness on her part to be willing to marry me to her nephew, for she looks upon my eight-and-twenty years as a good deal of a barrier to my matrimonial prospects.

I've not had the pleasure of seeing my intended fiance as yet, though I'm sure he's all that could be desired.

"He's jes' orful proud," says Aunt

Hannah, "an' oh! how he can dress hisself; why his hands are plumb stiff with kid gloves."

The schoolmaster of this "deestrick" is a boarder here, though his school closed last Friday. It looks as if the attraction of our "little wood-violet" was too much to permit his getting very far away, and so he's staying around and doing chores, incidentally, while his chief occupation is casting sheep's-eyes at pretty Jane.

On the morning after our arrival everybody was excited over the closing of the school. There were to be exercises, and of course we had to go. The schoolmaster modestly assured us that we'd find it mighty interesting, for his scholars could "speak to beat the band."

We agreed with him that we might never again have such a chance and the doctor and I, who are foolishly if not fatally amiable, took in the show.

It was great fun; in fact, it was a whole

circus. If I was ever wickedly indifferent as to whether the curfew should or should not ring to-night, I shall never be so again after witnessing the agony of that youth who made up his mind that it should not!

It was explained by the teacher that he liked to train the boys and girls to think for themselves as well as to express their thoughts. Several were to have original essays, he said.

A timid young girl was then introduced as belonging to this class of original thinkers. Everything ran along smoothly until we found ourselves addressed every few sentences as, "And now, my dear little readers of the Advocate," which was almost too much for us!

It is really shocking to have you ask who "the doctor" is. With all my talking about him, have I failed to mention anything about his family? Only a few evenings ago he talked very confidentially to me, telling me about his boyhood, spent

in New York City, his college days at Old Yale, his travels abroad and finally of the death of his mother, whom he idolized.

When I see this side of the man, I feel guilty, for at first I secretly criticised him. As if to heap coals of fire on my unworthy head he now tells me that I have reminded him of his mother from the first moment he saw me!

He says he recalls having met you once years and years ago, and remembers you as a "blue-eyed bunch of mischief." He is deeply interested in your work and says we must devise ways of helping you at this end of the line. What shall it be?

August fourteenth.

My dear Chum:

You'll think that I've taken leave of my senses when I tell you that I'm out under the trees and writing before six o'clock in

the morning. Such is the privilege of rural life. It's not because I want to catch the early worm that I'm up with the lark to meet the sun, but because I have a personal longing to catch and wring the neck of an early fowl that does business at that unseemly hour at a stand just opposite my chamber window.

He's surely an eye-opener. Thus far he has escaped my cruel hand, but I shall certainly point him out to Aunt Hannah as a fit subject for a stew.

I've found out something about our "little wood-violet." The child spent two years with an aunt in the city, where she attended school and diligently took on pretty ways, as young country maidens will when opportunity offers. It is whispered that this aunt has wealth and is fond of Jane, who was given her name, and that she wishes nothing so much as to lift her out of her present unattractive environment and give her the advantages of

education and travel. To this plea, the father and mother have not yielded consent. Meanwhile, our modern Ichabod Crane is pressing his suit with such ardor as he can command, to Uncle Lige's evident satisfaction. The query in my mind is, are we likely to meet our pretty Jane some day as a lady of wealth and fashion, or is she to become the bride of the schoolmaster—is it "the lady or the tiger"? Really, I feel like taking a hand myself.

The doctor finds the colored contingent fully as interesting here as at home. He attended a darkey funeral Sunday evening, where the preacher spoke eloquently of the departed and closed his remarks by saying, "Bredern, dis funeral am remarkable, chiefly by being de only one where de preacher, de spirichel songs, de coffin, de bearers, an' everything were selected by de corpse."

Of course, we are regular church-goers here, everybody is. Even the children

tell of their religious experiences. A little girl of eight made a confidant of Uncle Caleb the other day, saying somewhat boastingly, "I was convicted, converted and sanctified at the protracted meeting last winter, but Mary Louise has only been convicted and converted."

How we wish you could spend our closing week with us!

August thirtieth.

We are almost ready to return to well-worn paths. Vacation days are coming to a close and that means heavy work again for Jack. I'm glad to say he's better for the rest, though he has all along refused to consider his health in the matter.

This field is clover for our scientific friend, the doctor. His voluminous note-books are pressed down and running over. He is happy as a clam wherever he finds a

curious specimen of the genus homo, and there's a whole menagerie here inviting inspection.

Much of the time he has tramped off alone to any kind of a "meetin'" of which he could get word. Twice he listened to the same sermon—in different places, of course, but delivered by the same preacher, a man who had received a call to preach without getting any corresponding notice to prepare for his high calling.

As the minister could not read, he began his remarks on all occasions with a little set speech: "The words from which I shall talk to you at this time, my bredern, are to be found somer's betwext the two leds of the Bible." On that particular evening his text read "suthin' as follers: 'Behold, the bed is too short an' the kivers too narrer.'"

When the doctor reported it to us we were curious to discover the text, if there

was anything so unheard-of in the way of a text. It was at that crisis that Uncle Caleb distinguished himself by turning to the passage without the least hesitancy—in the twenty-eighth chapter of Isaiah—and read: "For a bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

Another of these backwoods exhorters excused his failure to read his text by saying it was a little too dark for him to see, as there was "no winder present behind him." This preacher seemed to have a gift for getting himself out of a tight place. One day he was officiating at the funeral of a woman who had left a husband and several children. In his prayer he said: "And now, O Lord, we pray thee to raise up some one who shall take the dear sister's place to her husband and in the family circle."

A look of dismay spread over the faces

of different ones and they moved uneasily. The preacher realized his error in time to catch himself and added—"Ahem, that is to say, raise up some one who shall take this dear woman's place in the community and in the church."

It is among these simple-minded folk that we get down to the real ego, as our teacher in mental philosophy used to say. They have not learned to conceal and cover up and dissimulate. Isn't it strange that all this comes with what we are pleased to call the higher civilization?

I heard of an elderly man who lost his wife and married a widow who lived near. Each, in time, decided to put up a monument to the departed and so they went to town to look up the matter. The wife was puzzled about a suitable epitaph but finally thought she would like:

"A dear one now from earth is gone,
A voice we loved is still,

An aching void is in our hearts
Which no one else can fill."

"I'll take that," said the wife, relieved from the severe strain of choosing.

The husband's face grew very long and he shook his head in a melancholy way, then suddenly brightening up, exclaimed:

"Why, what on airth's the matter with that for mine, too?"

We are sorry, in a way, that we are leaving these queer by-ways of life. We've had our "trials and tribulations," as Uncle Lige says—some of which have come in the way of saleratus biscuits and super-abundance of bacon—but we have also learned a few things.

Saint Louis,
September eighth.

You'll be surprised to know that, at the

last moment, we decided to make a detour, bag and baggage, servants and all—except Pete, whom we left in charge of the grounds, and Chloe, who couldn't be coaxed away from the old place—and take in the big exposition. We made a formidable assemblage ourselves and, no doubt, could easily divide honors with the main attraction should we decide to set up a side-show.

There was a good deal of commotion when we arrived at the big Inside Inn, and we realized that there were others when we saw a pile of suit-cases reaching to the ceiling and looking as much alike as peas from the same pod. How people ever discriminate in favor of their own in the matter of suit-cases puzzles me.

The Inn itself seemed about as interesting a sight as we were likely to find, and we reluctantly turned to the exhibits. It seemed miles from the office to one's room.

"I took you for a pickpocket"

You remember what great times we youngsters used to have at the big Chicago fair and how we begrudged every minute that we had to spend trailing after the grown-ups at the art galleries? I am pleased to report a change of heart in that direction and really no part of the show has the attraction for me that I find in the halls of painting and sculpture. The whole exposition is an inspiration.

We have a little joke on Aunt Ann. She was standing amid the sculpture, a quaint little figure, I've no doubt, in the eyes of those outside the family, when a man laid his hand on her shoulder.

"What do you mean, sir?" she asked excitedly.

"O, I beg your pardon," said the man, "I took you for a piece of statuary."

"And I beg your pardon," said Aunt Ann with freezing dignity, "I took you for a pick-pocket."

I hastened over to the American group

of paintings to see if I could find the one picture that held us spellbound in those early days—"Breaking Home Ties" —by Hovenden. It was not there, though this artist was represented by one picture, "Bringing Home the Bride." Aunt Ann reminded me that the poor fellow who painted family scenes with such a touch of pathos sacrificed his life a few years ago in an effort to rescue a little girl who ran before a locomotive!

It is significant that only vacant space meets the eye where Russian displays were intended to be placed. That country refused to send its exhibits, it is said, on account of our attitude in the war.

On the other hand, Japan has very complete and interesting exhibits and I find myself strangely attracted and held by them. They seem to bring me closer to you and the work you are doing. A people who have such fine execution

must also have the intelligence to appreciate such devotion and strength of purpose as you are showing in their behalf.

But the people, ah, the people! It's they who are the most interesting, after all.

Uncle Caleb reported seeing a Missouri family of eleven children with their parents and, as he laughingly said, "They were all boys but ten."

Jack found one of his classmates at the Medical College and brought him to take dinner with us. How strong these college ties become, and how much any one loses who goes through life without forming them!

Jack's friend talked entertainingly on the demand, particularly in the medical profession, for people who do not make blunders, and he spoke of the untold danger, both in medicine and surgery, from inaccuracy.

This point he illustrated by telling

about a student in the Medical Department who with the rest of the class was called before one of the instructors, who was to give each some practical questions.

This particular young man came out from the room smiling with satisfaction. "Boys, you haven't anything to dread," he said. "He's dead easy. Why, all he asked me was how much quinine to give a child in case of fever."

The others shrugged their shoulders dubiously. As the examination progressed, the young fellow who had been so well satisfied got to thinking he might have blundered as to the amount of quinine to be given.

Hastening in, he said, "Doctor, I believe I made a mistake as to the amount of quinine I would give."

"Never mind, sir, it makes no difference whatever now," said the doctor, "the child died some time ago."

Our visitor was very much interested

in Baby Elizabeth, who confided to him the fact that she had three fathers, God, and George Washington and papa!

October ninth.

You'll agree with me, I'm sure, that the South is the last place in all the world where you'd expect a temperance revival. We've been accused so long of being pokey and conservative and downright old-fashioned that we feel in duty bound to act the part.

Just what has set the temperance ball a-rolling in Georgia, I can't say, but all at once there seems to be a whirlwind of sentiment down there in favor of cold water, and people are falling over each other to get into the water-wagon.

It's bound to spread to Kentucky, Uncle Caleb tells us, and we're right glad of it, because one can see with half

an eye that it's drink that's at the bottom of most of our troubles, especially with the negroes.

I thought I'd warn you that by the time you get home you'll probably find our town in the temperance camp, high and dry, particularly dry.

Grandmother has been telling us about how the temperance wave struck them up in the old Keystone State in her childhood days. I thought it might interest you, so I took it down just as she told it.

GRANDMOTHER'S TEMPERANCE STORY.

When I was a little girl of eight, and that was away back in the thirties, we lived on a big farm in eastern Pennsylvania. My father had been reared a Quaker of the orthodox type and was still a believer in that faith, but had fallen in love and married outside the church, and in consequence, had been turned out of the fold because he was unwilling to say he was sorry.

When they called him to account for his misdeed, he acknowledged that he regretted he had found it necessary to violate the rules of the church, but he couldn't say he was sorry he'd married the girl he did, for that would not be the truth. That was not enough and he was dismissed.

That was the way we came to go to the Presbyterian church. One day, I remember it very well, the minister had just returned from a visit to New England, and told how, up there, they couldn't even buy a quart of cider except to make apple-butter, and that the harvesting was all done with nothing stronger to drink than cold water.

In those days and for many years we all looked to New England for example as well as precept. The average New Englander, father was accustomed to say, was not satisfied with being a mere reformer, he wanted to be an evangelist.

As we drove home from church father turned to mother and told her that he intended to get up his harvest without serving anything in the field but water. He had to depend on the neighbors for help and with most of them the big demijohn was a powerful incentive to labor.

Mother thought a moment and then told him that such a thing could not be done, and that if he undertook it he would simply lose the harvest. She thought he'd better think twice before undertaking so radical an innovation.

Father was firm. He went out Monday morning to engage his harvest hands to begin work a week from that day. The first man he met said he always expected to help neighbor Stroud, and he could count on him.

"I don't intend to have any liquor this year," said father quietly.

"Why, are you crazy?" said the man, "I can't work without it."

This was the reply he received everywhere. In all cases father told them to think it over, and do as they thought best, but he added that he would look for them on the following Monday morning, and would pay them a shilling a day extra to prove that he wasn't doing it to save the money.

The week passed with a good deal of anxiety at our house. Everything depended on our getting up the harvest, and it couldn't be done without the men —and would they come?

Monday morning arrived and with it the harvesters in full force. If it had been a wedding feast mother could not have made more careful preparation. There was to be no failure in the good things of the table, and lunches were served often in the field.

The water jug hung on the limb of a tree and a boy ran back and forward to replenish it from the cool spring. There

was a good deal of joking about it, but there was no complaint.

One day the constable passed along the highway and the men called to him and pointed out the jug hanging on the limb. He dismounted, hunted quite a bit along the stone fence for a place to tie his horse and hurried over to the tree, only to get a draught of cold water. He was angry for a moment but soon joined in the general laugh.

When the harvest was up the men all declared they had never enjoyed a week more and all refused to take the extra pay.

Old Davy Lloyd, who had been for years a slave to the drink habit, and whose wife supported the family by doing our washing and rough work, signed the pledge and never drank again. His wife blessed father as long as she lived.

That was the first time such an experiment had ever been tried in the harvest fields of Pennsylvania, but the word went

out and others tried it, and, little by little, it became the popular thing and it was regarded as a discredit to the man who offered the liquid fire to his helpers.

Now, they have strict temperance laws in many of those states. We'll come to it in the South, just give us a little time.

. . . . . .

I'm following every move that is made in that dreadful war. We are all wondering what you'll be finding to do next. And we are prouder than ever of you, for we know that you've been a comfort and a joy to those poor wounded men at the hospitals. The associated press reports last week named you as the heroine of the war.

Every now and then the word breaks out that this country will be drawn into it yet in some way. I heard of a village up North where, because of this war, they have resumed military drill with a zeal. There are only ten men in the entire

township. One was chosen captain, two others first and second lieutenants, three sergeants, and three corporals. Nine out of the ten held offices and the remaining man had to be the company.

The poor fellow was in a quandary sometimes. He said he could march all right, he could halt, could about-face, and march in platoon, but when it came to forming a hollow square, he didn't know how to manage it.

We were never so eager for letters from you as at this time of distress and danger.

November tenth.

Never, no never, have I longed for you as I do at this moment. If you were only here at my side with my arm about you and your dear eyes looking into mine, I'm sure, quite sure, that I could tell you something which I simply cannot

put down coldly in black and white.

As it is, I can only say that I am happy beyond words to express and yet I cannot give you, my dearest friend, an inkling of what fills me with rapture. You mustn't even guess it. You couldn't guess it if you were to try and so I beg of you not to try.

This much I want you to know, I have a new interest in life that is the deepest and most wonderful experience I have ever known. If I could tell any one in all the world it would be you—you who have given me your confidence so freely—but not yet, not just yet, dear.

The old place never was half so beautiful as it is since our return from the exposition. The glory of the sun itself is in the foliage of the old beech trees; and the maples have never taken on such brilliant crimson and gold since I can remember.

Even the flower beds are outdoing all

their former efforts at brilliancy this fall. The asters and nasturtiums and larkspurs are a-bloom as if it were midsummer. How lovely this old world is!

Old Chloe was wildly excited when our carriage rolled up the driveway. You should have heard her talk. If she wasn't "inebriated in the exuberance of her own verbosity" at least the rest of us became slightly giddy.

January sixteenth,
Nineteen hundred and five.

We are really greatly concerned about you. I have felt for months that the dreadful scenes of war were likely to prove too much even for your heroic soul.

There's the daily news of the battles—a strain upon nerves, however strong—and that is followed by the pitiful sights in the hospitals, soldiers wounded and

dying, and behind it all the poor, sad mothers and their heart-breaking griefs. You've borne up like an angel under it all, but I can see that the care and anxiety are too much, and the only thing for you to do is to come home at once and let us coddle you and love you until you are your own dear self again.

I was selfish enough last month to write you of my own happiness, as if happiness were to be spoken of at such a time. You probably felt that I needed a reproof for such thoughtlessness, and so I did, but, indeed, your silence is more than I can bear and I do want a letter from you saying that you forgive me for intruding my little personal affairs upon you when you have no mind or heart for anything but the bigger concerns of life.

Cousin Nell has been quite lame from a fall over a paint keg that was standing near the back door.

Yesterday little John played that he was a doctor, a favorite occupation, since he is very fond of Jack and the doctor. He likes to imagine himself as big as they and actually imitates their every motion, which I tell them is the sincerest flattery.

"Well, doctor," said Aunt Ann, "is there much sickness now?"

"O, yes, a great deal of sickness."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Why, they seem to be falling over paint kegs mostly," said the little lad with great solemnity.

You couldn't guess whom I ran across two days ago in the public library. It was none other than little Jane from down in the country, who, it seems, followed pretty close on our heels when we came back to the city. Her aunt, who is a rather showy, pretentious woman of wealth, was with her, so it seems that in some way she has come out victorious

in the skirmish for the "little wood-violet," as possession is nine points of the law.

All that I could learn from my talk with her was that she has entered for another year in the city schools and is working with a will. The child never looked prettier than in her stylish new clothes, though she is not altogether at ease with them.

I'm afraid it's an exploded theory that "beauty unadorned is most adorned."

Don't forget what I've said about your need for a change and for complete rest. Come home, dear, we want you.

March twelfth.

I have been asking myself over and over again what blundering expression I must have let fall, that led you to think for an instant that Jack was any-

thing more to me, or I to him, than a very good friend.

We are fond of each other, of course, and I have been particularly happy because he has singled me out as one, perhaps the only one, to whom he could talk freely in these dreary years of your absence.

It's an honor that any one might crave to be the confidante of such a man—an honor I shall appreciate the longest day I live. He's so true, so loyal, not one bit of alloy—one of the noblest and best men that God in His goodness ever sent into this needy old world.

He's as staunch as the perpetual hills, and you'll perhaps remember, on second thought, that I am not the one upon whom his affection has been fixed. " 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

No, my dear girl, you'll have to do a little cleverer guessing, or, like the Irishman's hare, you'll never get there. You

remember, he was carrying a hare to a sick man when it escaped from its basket and ran away. He made no effort to catch it, saying only, "Ye may run, and run, and run, but ye can't get there for ye haven't the address."

I'm surprised that you, of all people, should think of even a shadow of fickleness in connection with Jack. Such a thing is unthinkable. No, Jack chooses his wife as he does his friends, for all time.

And now for the correct address. I wonder, if, from all that I have written, you feel that you know the doctor. You met him years ago and remember him vaguely, you say, but he is one of those men who cannot stand still a moment. He is progressive to the tips of his fingers. He has a remarkable mind and the kindest heart in the world. He's a student, and what pleases me more than anything else is the fact that the aim of all his research is the good of humanity.

And so your mental picture of him dancing a cotillion as a senior at Yale is not likely to fit him altogether in his splendid and serious manhood, for he is very much in earnest.

At first, I am afraid I was a little prejudiced against him, myself. He has such a way of going to the bottom of things and I trembled for some of our pet Southern institutions and ideas, for he isn't the one to handle them with gloves. But I soon came to know him and to value him at his true worth, if that is possible.

One thing we liked so much, from the first, was his interest in the hospital scheme. He thinks it grand and says it will be a privilege to help in it with both money and professional services. There's but one condition that he insists upon and that is that Jack must take a long rest before finally plunging into this work. We intend to see that this

part of the program is carried out to the letter.

And now, do you guess it all at last, or shall I tell you something that I have as yet told to no one outside my own family—that there's to be a wedding at The Beeches before many moons, a quiet home wedding, as the society reporters say, and moreover, the "high contracting parties" do not include Dr. Jack, but "the doctor" will be prominent in the ceremony, which will doubtless be "simple and impressive" and all that a faithful recorder of social events may desire.

New York, April sixth.

You'll know without my telling you that it's on shopping I'm bent. There are some things the feminine mind grasps intuitively, and my presence in New

York, I've no doubt, will speak for itself.

Fortunately, father had business calling him to this big, elongated city, and I was glad enough to be permitted to accompany him. I always liked a trip with him above all things. He made it clear in advance that there was to be no shopping for him. As if I would think for a moment of dragging dear old daddy around with me! Punishment of that sort I would not mete out to even "my dearest foe."

The beauty about New York is that it meets every situation. You simply press the button and the hotel people do the rest. If it's a chaperone you desire, she appears on the scene forthwith, neatly bonneted and gloved, and ready to do her duty to the extent of shaking her umbrella, if need be, at any over-officious youth who may look your way.

A shopping companion was all that I required and I found the lady they sent

me so agreeable and efficient, in a general way, that I engaged her for all sorts of services.

One afternoon, upon the invitation of an old friend, I attended a session of the Women's Press Club. You should have seen us women of brains, moulders of public opinion, sweeping down "Peacock Alley," the suggestive name given to the main corridor leading to the club gallery.

There was no dropping of plumage as the press women in groups of two or three—their picture hats bedecked with long nodding plumes, their princess frocks adorned with a cascade of lace or a sweep of ermine, here and there—passed beneath the scrutiny of the curious eyes on either side of "Peacock Alley."

I pinched myself to be sure that I was not in a dream, and, on the first opportunity, asked my friend if the newspaper women of New York were all of the millionaire class and doing their work

from a desire to lift the press from the mire of sensationalism, or from some equally lofty motive.

She replied that a club of this kind attracted a sort of bright women of a literary turn and afforded both amusement and work for women of wealth and fashion. It also gave opportunity to others who like to be in the limelight. The modern woman seeks to be amused and also likes to have something to do, she said; and there was some good work in the club, so that its existence was justified on that score. I thought so, too, before the afternoon was over.

The program was brilliant. Mrs. Everett Thurston Seaman, who, you know, responds on occasions to the call of the wild, demonstrated that she is a skillful lion tamer, her lions, this time, being a renowned sculptor, a celebrated artist, a social economist and others of note, all of whom she put through their paces in

fine style. It was a treat to see how beautifully she did it.

I was especially interested in a talk by the daughter of a famous American astronomer, who has taken up her dead father's work. She described a total eclipse in the Land of the "Midnight Sun," closing with Jean Paul Richter's finely descriptive words, "The heart acheth with infinity."

One sees all kinds of people at the hotel and father and I are having our own fun in studying human nature. Last evening as we were going down in the elevator a motherly old lady asked the boy who was running it if he got very tired. He frankly confessed that he did, when she instantly wanted to know what made him tired.

"Is it the sight of so many people?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said the boy, with a mischievous look in his eye.

"Perhaps it's standing all day long," she said.

"Oh, I don't mind that a little bit," he said gayly.

"Is it the motion, do you think? I'm sure I couldn't stand that."

"No, madam, it isn't the motion."

"Well, what is it then, that makes you so tired?"

"Why," he said, looking her wickedly in the eye, "it's answering all kinds of foolish questions."

I have drawn out my letter to the point of weariness, I'm afraid, and not a word about the shows and the lovely things in the shop windows. That will have to await my next.

New York, April twenty-fourth.

Dear old Chum:

The days in New York are lengthening out much against my will. Alas, the

"It's answering all kinds of foolish questions"

problem of clothes is more vexing by far than I could have imagined, and yet I'm bent on having things as simple as possible.

"Ah, yes, mademoiselle, zees beautiful seemplicity it is not so easy to attain," says the French modiste who holds my destiny in her hands, and I conclude she is right.

Meantime we are seeing a good deal of this big, buzzing, overcrowded beehive, where the king bees crowd out the little fellows so relentlessly and insist on having all the sweets.

We were passing one of the big hotels on Fifth Avenue, father and I, when a richly dressed lady came tripping down the steps to enter the motor-car awaiting her. She was carrying her poodle, a pampered little pet with diamond bracelets on its forelegs. We supposed they were only paste, but the effect was just the same.

That same day we drove through one of the squalid quarters of the city and noticed a group of poor children playing out in the bare street—their sole plaything an empty spool and a cotton string.

How I did ache to get hold of those little human plants that are prematurely seared and blighted because the streams of affection have never been turned their way. Wouldn't they revive under the sunlight of love—such love, for example, as is given to a poodle by my lady of fashion?

Your experiences have been deepening your character, I can see it all the time. You were always all that I could wish, sweet and patient and thoughtful for others, and yet I know that you will come home to us with something that you never had before. Every letter shows me this.

It would be a grief to me if I couldn't report a little bit of progress, too. The

doctor, generous to a fault, and helpful always, has been an inspiration to me. It's a new and beautiful world that he has opened up for me and I thank God for it.

I've been shopping the greater part of each day. Daddy tells me to go right ahead and get what I want; that every girl is entitled to her fling at the one important event of her life. But I have chosen moderation for my watchword and am indulging in no wild extravagances. It was hats to-day, and they're always a trial. They're growing in size all the time, too, which gives the funny man of the newspapers a suggestion. Here's a clever little squib on the girl and her hat, which I cut out of a paper to-day:

"Push up the clouds to let her stand
Erect upon the ground,
And shove the wide horizon back
To let her turn around."

There are a few things I always have to do in New York. I'm just democratic enough to crave a drive up Fifth Avenue on the roof of one of those rattling, banging, quivering old omnibuses. It gives me my only chance in life to look down on some of the plutocrats whose homes line that aristocratic thoroughfare. Do I envy them? Not a bit of it. Why, there's not one of them I'd change places with; but I try to be humble about it.

Then, I'm never satisfied until I spend a quiet hour within the walls of dear old St. Paul's chapel with bustling, noisy Broadway shut out. The peace that steals over one within those walls is a sweet foretaste of heaven, and every thought is a prayer, or a song of praise.

The world is big, but not so big but that one runs across old friends everywhere. We were dining one evening when we noticed a gentleman sitting near who seemed to watch daddy rather closely.

At the close of the meal he came and spoke to us. It proved to be father's old friend, Colonel Shane of Shumway, Missouri, whom he had not seen for years.

The colonel prides himself on never forgetting a face. What a faculty it is to be able to place a person, no matter when or where you meet him! Later in the evening we three chatted in the library and, apropos of his memory for faces, Colonel Shane told us an exciting little story, a story with the flavor of old Missouri in it.

COLONEL SHANE'S STORY.

Three or four years ago, when I was editing the *Chronicle* in our little town, a man who was a stranger to me came into my office one day. In the course of our conversation he mentioned a train robbery that had taken place near our town a night or two before.

I asked him how he came to know

about this robbery, he having arrived only the night before. He replied that he had read of it in the *Chronicle* of the evening previous.

I told him at once that that could not be, as, owing to a breakdown in the machinery, no paper had been issued the evening before. He seemed much confused when I said this, and, making some excuse, hurried away.

There was something about his hasty exit that aroused my suspicion and, like a flash, came the conviction that he himself was the train robber. That was the way he knew of it.

I hurriedly called up the authorities and gave a minute description of the man and in a short time the officers were in hot pursuit of him, but it became evident before many hours that he had left town and probably made his escape altogether.

I felt more than ever convinced that

he was the guilty man and the thought that he had escaped from under my very eyes was a source of mortification to me.

Three months later I chanced to be in another part of the state, and, just as I was leaving the train at a small station, my eye fell on the very man who had been in my thoughts so much.

There was no time to lose; and, pulling out my revolver, I shoved it under his nose, ordering him to hold up his hands.

To-day he is in our state prison paying the penalty of his crime, which was easily proved against him. He laughingly admitted to me, after his conviction, that he had given himself away by that story about seeing the report of the robbery in the *Chronicle*. He had been just fishing for information.

It was a strange series of events that resulted in his conviction, but I attribute it chiefly to my never failing to recognize a man whose face I have once seen.

To-morrow we shall leave for the South. How glad I am that the time is almost here. There will be some letters awaiting me, I'm sure.

P. S. We were here for Easter, of course. The sky on that day absolutely refused to be blue, leaving the entire quantity of that hue for my lady's heart, since there was a pouring rain just at the church hour. My every-day hat worshipped at the "little church around the corner." In the afternoon father dragged me down to the big mission school on East Sixth Street. We thought of you as we watched those three thousand wriggling, twisting little waifs, and were complete converts to your mission of soap for the domestic as well as the foreign field.

I was glad I had sent you six instead of the coveted two bottles of perfume. You'll have enough to rival the blest odors of Araby.

We are enjoying the subway. It saves so much time. We went out to call at Cousin Nan's, seven miles distant, in twelve minutes. Daddy says we've spent so much time in the subway he won't half mind being buried. It's a wonderful city this, builded upon a rock, perched here on the upper lip of old ocean; but if Neptune should conclude to lick his chops some day, Wall Street might not have time to put on her immunity bathing suit.

By the way, Mary Phillips, of your class, lives here—the wife of a high school man. I have seen quite a little of her.

When she asked me if I was still heart-whole and fancy-free, for the first time in my life I felt myself blushing at being quizzed on this tender subject. My lips framed a hasty denial, but the warmth in my face doubtless led her to question if I could possibly be guilty of a—well,

you know what old Chloe asks every Monday morning—"Whar am dat consecrated lye?"

And, now, Nice Boy, don't write those lovely things about me again. It is such a hard thump to fall from the pedestal where you place me. It is you, dear, who are teaching us all lessons of courage, you who are fighting the good fight. The captain salutes you as general.

The Beeches,
April twenty-ninth.

I'm back from dear, noisy old New York, and wildly joyful to be able once again to pitch my tent and set my foot on the soft, yielding turf beneath the beeches. The first morning at home I felt as if I must run like mad to our favorite spot, the slope beyond the old ice-house, and roll down the hill, bumpety-

bump, then turn a hand-spring or two and finish up by taking a race on stilts. If you'd been here, we'd have done it.

That was our old program, you know, when something great happened. Do you remember our wild outburst when we were elected to go to the lakes that first trip? We could never get up quite so much steam again. It's the first time that counts. You gather the cream then, and after that it's likely to be skimmed milk.

But there really is no place like home, and no home like Kentucky.

Come to think of it, it would be strange indeed if no one had ever sung his heart out about the old Kentucky home. Why, if you'd stick a quill into the hands of a man carved from wood and set him down among our beeches and maples on a May morning, he'd burst into poetry or he'd deserve—the torch.

The doctor met us at Pittsburg, where

we were to spend a day in looking up an old acquaintance of father's. It hurts daddy if any friend of his ever sets foot on Kentucky soil and doesn't make a pilgrimage to The Beeches; and he's frightfully conscientious, when traveling, about hunting up his old associates. I tell him he'd never do for a globe-trotter, for he would have to stop at every hamlet to renew old acquaintance. We wound up our day at Pittsburg by a drive out to the Zoo, and a peep at the animals. There were lots of children playing about, and, as usual, the monkeys were a drawing card. A dimpled little tot, aged two, who had never seen a monkey before, looked at the grinning creature as if deeply puzzled.

"Is it a bow-wow?" asked his mother.

"No, no," said the baby, still gazing.

At length he looked up and smiled brightly.

"A bow-wow-man," he said.

His classification amused us immensely.

And here we are at home, and father's just about as foolish and giddy as I am. He's a Kentuckian from the ground up, you know.

I have a request to make, and I believe it will give you pleasure to grant it. There's a young missionary going over in June to China by way of Japan, and I am wondering if you cannot go up to Yokohama early in July and possibly take this young person, who will be a stranger in a strange land, home with you for a few days. It would be a gracious thing to do, and I'm sure the courtesy would be greatly appreciated. You'll do this, I know, and I'll tell my friend to count on it.

June eighth.

And now, dearest, the secret is out, or will be before this reaches you. Let

me see—just twenty-four hours, fifty-three minutes and twenty-nine seconds since our missionary turned his face Japanwards. I promised to wait a full day before writing you; the minutes and seconds are thrown in for good measure.

And so the lonely traveler, with his badge upon his arm, has come to you. Yes, and he has seen and conquered as well as come. Of this I'm sure. You'll forgive us for sending a stalwart medicine man, won't you, dear? You'll pardon the surprise, too. I didn't dare cable you that he was coming.

The last thing Jack did before leaving was to send me a note. I've been so happy in reading it with the doctor I want to share it with you. Here it is:

Everything is done at last. Uncle Tobey has just called me up to say that my trunk and bags have gone. Dr. Brainard is duly installed at the office

and is fitting into the place like a nickel in a slot. Othello's occupation's gone, and the old fellow hasn't a regret in the world.

Hereafter I'm ready to swear by the French proverb that it's the unexpected that happens. Who would have believed that from the wretched tangle in which the threads of my life found themselves a few days ago, twisted and knotted and snarled, the kindly Fates would fashion a web, smooth and flawless, and of their own free will pass it over to me? What have I done to deserve such consideration? Well, to say the least, I'm deeply grateful to the amiable trio who preside over our destinies.

I tried last evening to tell you something of my feelings because of this blessed culmination of affairs. I failed utterly and I shall fail again, no doubt. Can you imagine how it might seem to be suddenly transported from a cave of

the earth—Stygian darkness, gloom impenetrable on every hand—to the glorious mountain-top with God's refulgent blue above and beauty and sunlight and color as far as the eye can reach?

But for you, Elsie, it would never have come about. I now see that I made a miserable mistake to acquiesce in Betty's plan of complete silence between us.

The dear girl has needed every friend she had and only God knows how I longed for her love and sympathy.

You have done everything in your power to brighten and sweeten these long years of her work in Japan, as well as to help me bear the awful burden of separation. I can never tell you how I appreciate it all and, most of all, the goodness of heart that led you to say the word that brought us together.

The portals of heaven opened wide to me that day you came and in your own beautiful and tactful way told me that

you knew beyond a doubt that there was in store for me the best gift that heaven holds for any man—the love and loyalty of a noble woman. And such a woman as Betty!

How well I recall the first time I saw her! It was one evening at your Uncle Caleb's. She was only a bit of a girl, scarcely more than a child—a radiant, joyous creature and yet with a womanly sweetness, grace and dignity that spoke of a fine reserve force. I adored her on the spot. How could I help it? Yet I had very little hope of ever winning her. I have loved her ever since, sometimes hopelessly and sorrowfully and even with upbraiding, but always fervently. The splendid womanhood of which her girlhood gave promise has been richly fulfilled and let me say right here that I value more than I can say the spiritual growth and beauty which have come to her increasingly with every year of her

work over there. Her unselfish devotion has the real spirit of Christianity in it and beeause of it religion has taken on a new meaning for me.

In a few hours I shall be on my way. The journey will be tedious and I shall be impatient, but I shall have many happy reflections, not the least among which will be the thought that my friendship for you and the doctor is something that can never grow cold.

Jack simply took things into his own hands. We might have known that he would the minute I gave him a hint of the real situation. I could no more hold him back than I could stem the flow of Niagara. I'm free to confess that I made no efforts to do so.

There wasn't the slightest necessity of sounding the dear man as to whether he felt exactly as he did four years ago. There's never been a moment that he

didn't worship you, and I have known it all the time. But there was the pledge of silence, which he felt in honor bound to observe. You must remember, too, that you never gave him the remotest hook upon which to hang his hopes.

I tell you, it went to my heart many a time to see how the loneliness, hopelessness and weariness were killing him. He plunged into his work with an energy born of despair, taking a fresh start from time to time, going night and day, writing papers for the medical journals, delivering addresses before the state societies, but finding his only real consolation, his one crumb of joy, in planning for his hospital for children. It was that alone which kept him from despair.

When the chance came to me to really do something to help matters along, I tell you I leaped into the breach. I'd been praying all along that things would right themselves, but, somehow, I felt

like the little girl on her way to school. There were two of them, you know, and they were afraid they'd be tardy. One little girl said, "Let's kneel down and pray that we'll not be tardy." "Oh, no," said the other, "we'll hike on to school and pray while we're hikin'."

I have faith in prayer, myself, when backed by works, and I was never happier in my life than when I went to Jack and gave him to understand, very delicately, of course, that you had found out your own heart.

The doctor was delighted, too, for the two have grown to be the greatest cronies, inseparable, in fact.

Jack declared there were a thousand little things that I could tell you better than he, and asked me to send a letter to Yokohama, explaining everything. The letter should reach you, he said, before you would start on your long voyage homeward.

On the evening before Jack left us, he and the doctor and I talked it all over, his plans and ours, and if there was a more ecstatic trio in America it has not been heard from at the present writing.

Jack's plan was, in general, that you and he should be married immediately, so that he should have the undisputed right to take care of you from the hour of his arrival. He hoped then to prevail on you to take a leisurely trip on around to Paris.

I am positive this plan will be carried out, in spite of any arrangement you may have entered into about the school. I have every confidence in our medicine man. The dear fellow said the school was all right in its place, he wished it well, but it would have to step back now; and that nothing could quite make up for his sacrifice in waiting for you these long four years, now that he knows you have cared for him all the time.

Jack will tell you the rest—how the doctor and I are to be married late in June, and leave the same day for Paris, where you will meet us, but he can never tell of the joy that fills my soul, for it is unspeakable.

P. S. We'd better meet at No. 1, Place de l'Opera, hadn't we? We are to get our mail there.

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